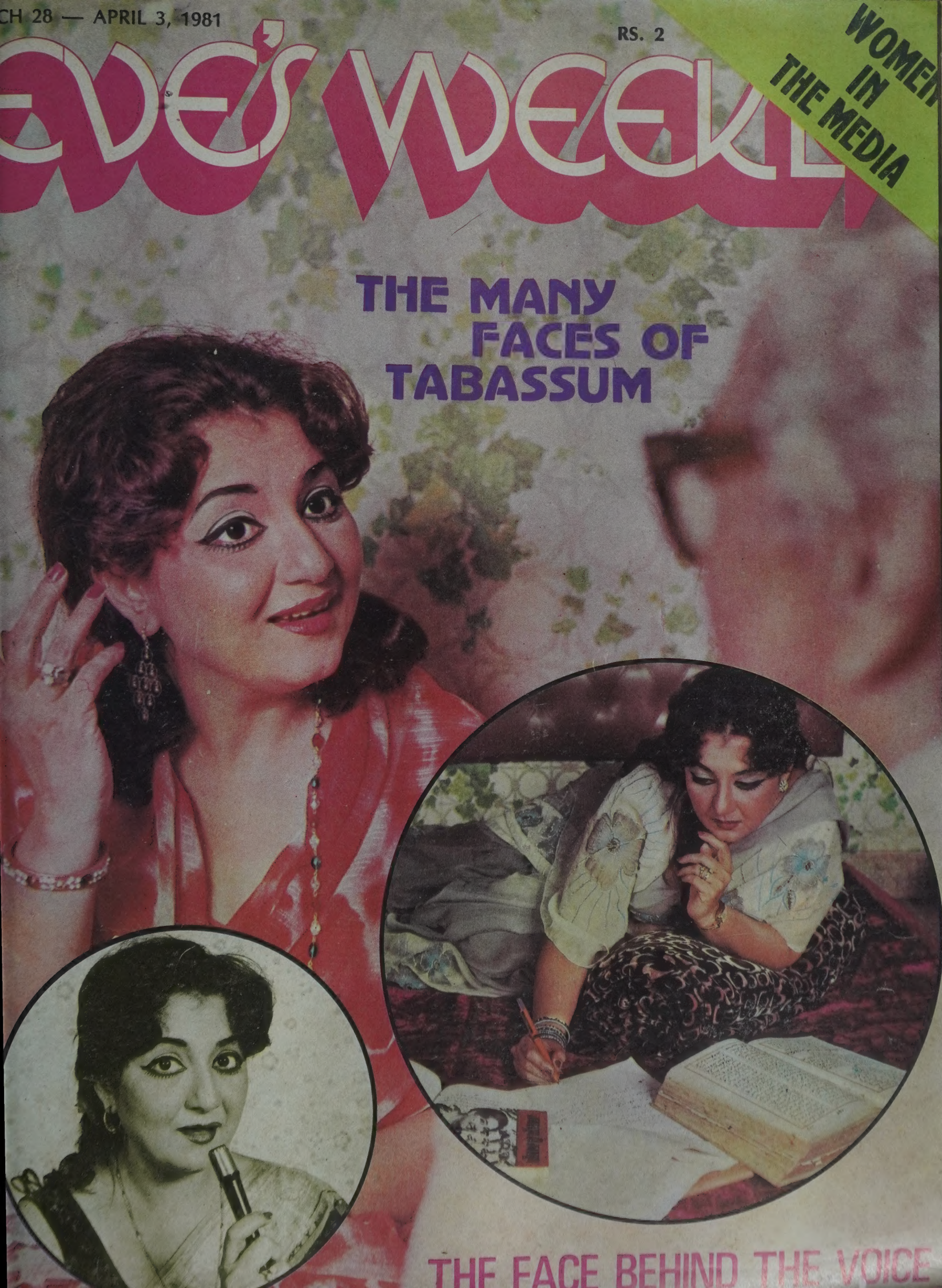
CH 28 — APRIL 3, 1981

RS. 2

EVE'S WEEKLY

WOMEN IN THE MEDIA

THE MANY FACES OF TABASSUM



THE FACE BEHIND THE VOICE

Just a 30 minute air-hop from Kathmandu lies the beautiful lake resort of Pokhra, a rare combination of some of the highest mountains in the world, picturesque lakes and the most unforgettable sunrise ever.

Pokhra offers endless possibilities for fishing, canoeing, riding, trekking or just sight-seeing. Not to be missed is the Mountain flight to the Annapurnas (Central Nepal Himalayas).

And that's just the beginning. Nepal has so much more to offer !

Kathmandu : has so much to see and so much to do. It is a treasure trove of art and culture, traditional architecture and handicrafts, shopping, sight-seeing and glamorous night life.

Mountain flights : (Oct - May)
Spectacular daily flights from Kathmandu and Pokhra which take you close to the Eastern Himalayan range.

Wild-life : Chitwan National Park, a famous wild-life sanctuary, where you can sample the peace and enchantment of jungle life.

30%
off-season discount on round trip fares.

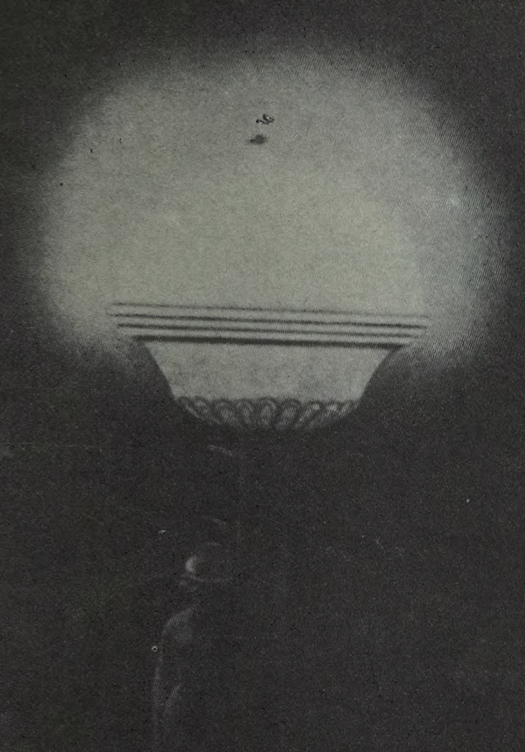
- Delhi-Kathmandu-Delhi —Rs. 1036.00
- Calcutta-Kathmandu-Calcutta —Rs. 686.00
- Delhi-Kathmandu-Calcutta (Or vice-versa) —Rs. 861.00

RNAC

ROYAL NEPAL AIRLINES
FLIGHT TO ENCHANTMENT

- H.O. Kantipath, Kathmandu, Nepal
- 44, Janpath, New Delhi-110001 Tel. 320817, 321572. Cable : AARENACE TELEX : 313412 RNAC IN
- 41, Chowringhee Road, Calcutta Tel : 243949, 244434.
- Hasan Manzil, Frazer Road, Patna, Tel : 23205.

ARMS 0166



"Tell me, liebe did you get this beautiful pillowcase from Zeinendorf's?"

"Nein! It is a New Great Pillowcase. And how about putting your head on your own pillow?"

new great mills

We export almost everything we make to more than a dozen countries. But try. You might get them here.

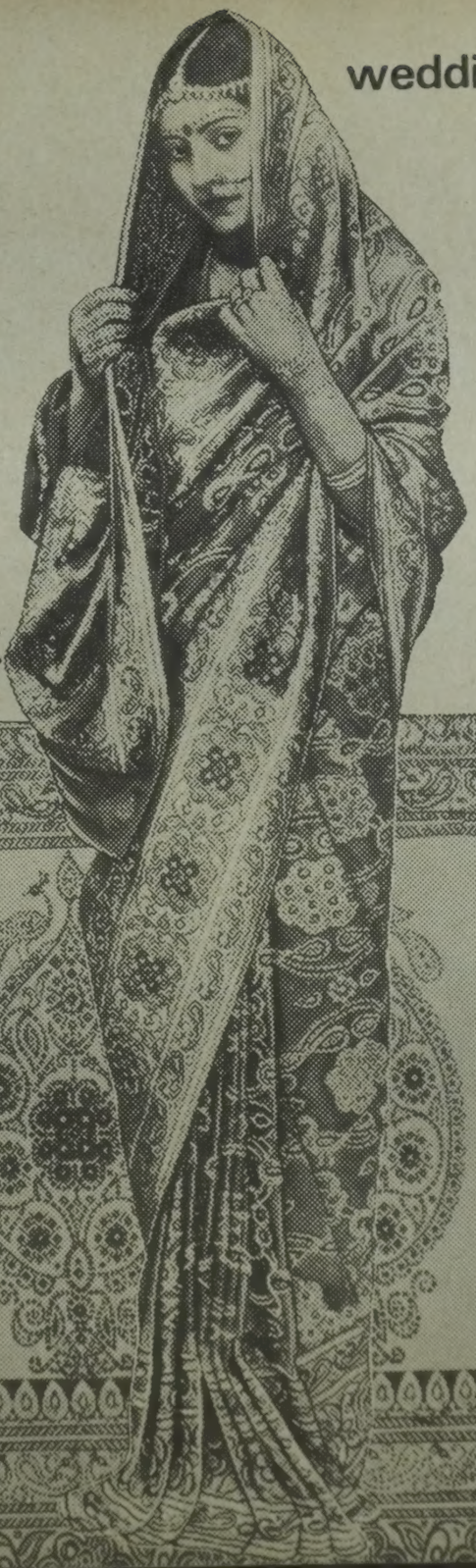
The most artistic creations to reflect your wedding beauty

SAREE PALACE

Specialists in wedding sarees–Banarasi Shalu, Kanjivaram and Printed Silk

SAREE PALACE

Near Tilak Bridge,
Dadar T.T.
Bombay 400 014.



Cover :
TABASSUM
(Story on page 12)
Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

VOL. XXV NO. 13 BOMBAY
MARCH 28 — APRIL 3, 1981

CHAIRMAN & MG. DIRECTOR
J. K. SOMANI

PUBLISHER & CHIEF EXECUTIVE
J. C. JAIN

EDITOR
GULSHAN EWING

ASST. EDITOR
AMMU JOSEPH

CHIEF SUB-EDITOR
K. S. RAO

SUB-EDITORS
CHAKRESH JAIN
ROSHAN BILLIMORIA
MALA VAISHNAV
SHERNA GANDHY

ADVT. MANAGER
D. N. CHOPRA

ART DIRECTOR
RUSI DORABJEE

DESIGNERS
NARGIS CHAWLA
VILOO PITHAWALA

STUDIO
TAIYEB BADSHAH

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER
B. K. SANIL

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS : EVE'S WEEKLY LTD.
BY J. C. JAIN

AT SANJ VARTAMAN PRESS, BOMBAY SAMACHAR MARG, FORT, BOMBAY 400 023.

CORRESPONDENTS

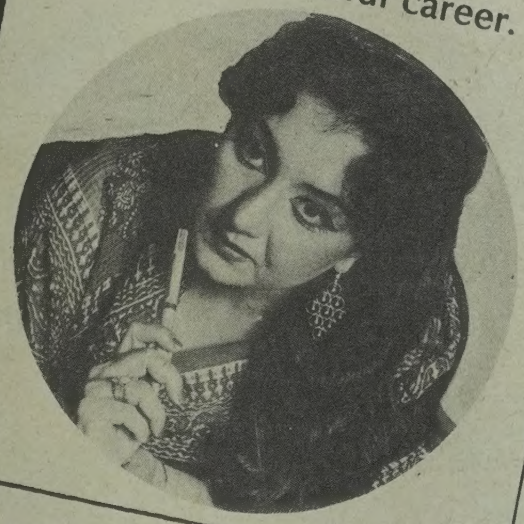
PUSHPA HANS
1-13, Lajpat Nagar 3, New Delhi-24.
TAPATI MOOKERJI
235/2, Acharya Jagadish Bose Rd., Calcutta-20.
S. J. KURUVILLA
163, Purasawalkam High Road, Madras-10.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION
Inland: Rs. 105
Foreign: 185 (Sea Mail)

Eve's Weekly

TABASSUM: MULTI-MEDIA PERSONALITY

12 Actress, writer, radio personality and now hostess of a record-breaking television programme, Tabassum is at the peak of a very successful career.



THE FACE BEHIND THE VOICE

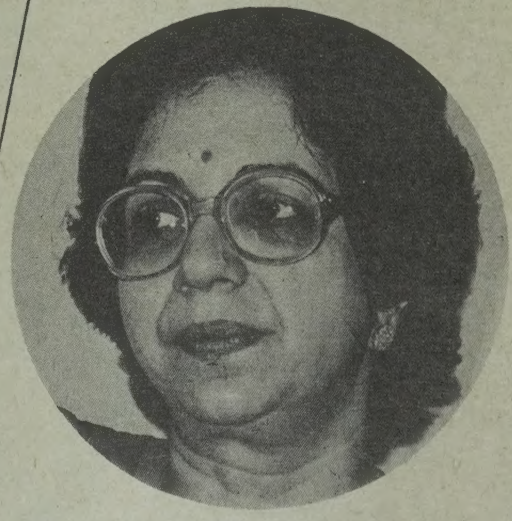
16 The voices are familiar on Films Division documentaries and singing ad. jingles, but what are the owners of these famous voices like?

ANWARA TAIMUR

24 An exclusive interview with the remarkable chief minister of strife-torn Assam.

WOMEN AND THE MEDIA

44 How are women portrayed in the media and what are job opportunities like in the field? Dolly Thakore talks to some prominent media people.



ALSO

Embroidered pillow cover — **page 11.** The magic of make-up — **page 14.** Marrying one's kin — **page 21.** Cellulite — **page 23.** True confession — **page 28.** Film : Multi-media stars — **page 39.** Ask the doctor — **page 41.** Focus and Passing through — **page 43.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, People Known & Unknown/**19**, Fashion/**26**, Cookery/**31**, Comics and Jokes/**35**, Short Story/**36**, Life's A Funny Thing/**46**, Frankly Speaking/**47**, People and Events/**48**, Horoscope/**50**.

Babies are born gentle. JOHNSON'S* keeps them that way.

OBM/7180 R

Why JOHNSON'S baby cream works best here
Velvety-white JOHNSON'S comforts sunburned shoulders, softens dry skin. Rich in lanolin, not greasy, won't stain clothes.

Why JOHNSON'S baby cream works best here
Wind, weather, runny colds and even tears are hard on baby skin. Gentle JOHNSON'S soaks in quickly and soothes away chapping or soreness.

Why JOHNSON'S baby cream works best here
If it will be a while between changes, JOHNSON'S acts as a moisture barrier. Keeps baby dry, but doesn't clog pores.

Why JOHNSON'S baby cream works best here
When crawler's knees and elbows get scraped and start peeling, fast-working JOHNSON'S smooths roughness, keeps skin silky soft.

FREE BABY GROWTH CHART
Write to Consumer Information Centre, Johnson & Johnson Ltd., 30 Forjett Street, Bombay 400 036 for a free copy of our Baby Growth Chart.

Trademark © J&J 80

Johnson's* baby cream

trusted by mothers all over the world

Johnson & Johnson*

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here.
We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10
for the three best letters.

THE FORGETFUL ONES

2nd PRIZE

In my lifetime of 45 years, I must have helped not less than ten persons in getting good jobs — Central Government jobs. With the lone exception of one among these ten, not one of them remembers today the person who helped them to get a good start in life. The one who remembers, rings me up sometimes (on getting promotions, etc.) enquiring about my welfare. It is not that I expect any reward or gratitude. ! only feel that I have justified my existence as a human being.

Compare these "silent nine" with the two boys in the following story. At the time, they were seven years old — they were very poor, and I happened to spend only five paise for each of them to see a roadside peep-show meant for children. These boys enjoyed the show along with my son, who was then just five years old. Afterwards, I forgot the incident. One day, after twenty years, while I was returning from work. two boys wished me and enquired about my son's welfare and mine. I did not recognise them and told them so. Then they told me that they were the same two boys to whom I had given the pleasure of watching the peep-show when they were small and that they always remembered me fondly. I vaguely remembered the incident. Then they said that they were both employed as drivers in good firms. I was so moved by their kind gesture. Even now, whenever they see me anywhere, they stop for a few minutes and speak to me, or give me a lift. I cannot help comparing these two poor boys, who are not much educated, with the nine educated persons who are so indifferent today. After all I have not done any great thing for these two boys, but they are so thoughtful that it makes a person feel good and justifies one's faith in humanity.

ANONYMOUS, Secunderabad.

You do seem cut up that "the other nine" never remembered you. Yes, maybe they were ungrateful; or, maybe, they had their own limitations and hesitations about letting you know that they did appreciate. Forget them. And savour the attitude of the two poor boys who have made your helpfulness worthwhile. . .

THE END RESULT

1st PRIZE

I think, in several aspects, we indulge in a double-faced policy. Recently a girl in our neighbourhood eloped and married a boy of her choice, and informed her parents that she was proceeding for her honeymoon. The parents were so shocked that they didn't know how to face their neighbours and relatives. So for one week they locked themselves in their flat to avoid answering curious inquiries. On the girl's return, they pleaded with the boy and his parents to agree to an official marriage ceremony. When the ceremony was performed they gave clothes, jewellery and cash to the girl and presents to her in-laws.

There are two basic questions that arise here: firstly, why was the ceremony performed at all, when the whole neighbourhood knew the story (from the boy's side, of course); secondly, since the parents had approved of the boy and respected their daughter's choice why insist on giving dowry? On the contrary, they should have appreciated the boy's courage in marrying their daughter without any demands of dowry. Doesn't all this show the contradictory character of Indian parents: on the one hand there is bride burning because of dowry, on the other hand there is dowry-giving without any need!

Tell me, how can we talk of legislation against dowry when there must be thousands of parents like this.

A. BHATIA, Bombay.

Some parents just never give up. This business of "what will people say" and "loss of face" has got to stop. Young people must be allowed to assert their rights and wishes — especially those which will have a salutary effect on social reform.

SALARY SLIVERS

3rd PRIZE

Our society has now come to accept the working woman — there is no stigma or taboo attached to women who are employed. One can even say that employed girls are very much in demand in the marriage market. But there seems to be no consideration for the employed girl's parents, after her marriage. Her salary is given over to the in-laws and not even a portion of it goes to the girl's parents. For example, let us take the case of a parent who has spent ten thousand rupees on his daughter's medical studies. Just about the time she is finishing her studies, her marriage is fixed up, and it looks as though she was given a professional education only to make her a good wage earner for the in-laws' family! This is a pitiable situation, even if there are other members in the employed bride's family. In circumstances where the parents have only a daughter, there is no one to take care of them after her marriage. The father has to depend on his salary or pension. It is high time girls, who are earning even after marriage, give a part of their salary to their parents who have reared them and enabled them to be wage earners. Perhaps, suitable modifications can be made in the law so that married women are freely allowed to do this.

S. RAVI CHANDRAN, Madras

We do feel that just as men continue to give financial assistance to their parents, so should the girls, even after marriage. We do not know if any law can be passed to ensure this, but then there is no law which says a woman has to hand over her pay-packet to her in-laws. . .

GOOD CONDUCTORS

Whereas the eves of Delhi are screaming over the teasing and the tortures they undergo in the local bus, the women of Madras have marched a few steps ahead and become bus-conductors themselves! This is certainly a blow to the male chauvinists who regard women as too frail and delicate to step out and work in such fields.

So far, the P.T.C. service has appointed eight women, four of whom are married. All of them have worked satisfactorily. And there has not been a single instance of misbehaviour on the part of commuters. In fact, the commuters even go so far as to provide the exact change to avoid any inconvenience to these gentle conductors.

Now this is what we call progress. Maybe other public services will come forward and employ women. And, why not. They seem to be better "conductors" of everything.

ANJU KHANNA, Madras

Well done, Madras. Having a woman conductor on the bus can be a boon. Right now, the male conductors don't lift a finger when there's eve-teasing on the bus. The women — both conductors and passengers — can unite to quell the goondas.

FOR — THE FORECAST

Jaya Ramanathan is to be congratulated on her informative article "Peddling Predictions" (EW, Jan. 24). My own views, for what they are worth are: 1. Some of these predictions must come true for some people, so that particular section of the public is won over; 2. For the sophisticated and the skeptic, the forecast column provides amusement; 3. Only the gullible will trust these forecasts completely, but will have only themselves to blame. 4. In the final analysis, however, I feel that even the total unbeliever cannot resist the impulse to sneak a glance at the forecast columns, so. 5. . . by all means continue them.

GEORGE T. FEGRADOE, Bombay.

Thank you — we intend to. . .

It's made the way Mother Nature makes milk.

As your doctor will tell you, Nature knows best about milk for babies.

So when your baby is graduating to bottle feeds, you should choose the infant milk food that's closest to Nature's own formula: Bounce Infant Milk Food.

Bounce is nourishing.
As nourishing as your own milk with all the protein, energy, vitamins and minerals your baby needs to grow strong and sturdy.

Bounce is complete.
The Bounce formula even makes up for those nutrients that Nature misses out. Enough iron to replenish baby's dwindling body store. Enough vitamin D for strong teeth and healthy bones. Folic Acid for healthy blood. And, **vitamin E to ensure a healthy skin.**

Bounce is easy to digest.
Spray-dried Bounce forms a softer curd in the stomach, so that baby's tender digestion doesn't get strained. Even those babies who react adversely to breast milk can happily take to Bounce.

Bounce is easy to formulate.
Bounce dissolves easily in water. Just follow the simple instructions on the tin to make a smooth, consistent feed for your baby to enjoy and thrive on.

Give some natural BOUNCE to your baby.

Karnataka's most modern dairy complex:

DEMPO DAIRY INDUSTRIES LIMITED

Admn. Office: Dempo House, Campal, Panaji, Goa.

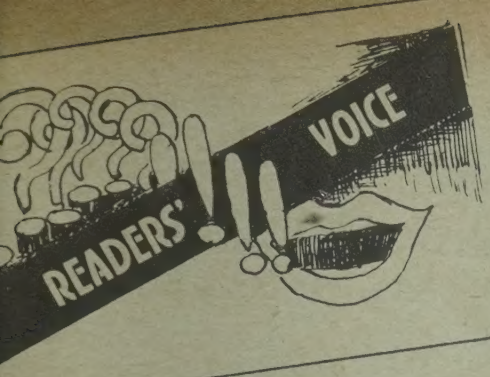
Regd. Office: 20, Sankey Road, Bangalore 560 003.

At present, available at all leading Chemists & Stores in Karnataka, Goa and Maharashtra.

NEW **BOUNCE** SPRAY-DRIED INFANT MILK FOOD

Give some natural Bounce to your baby.

everest/81/DDI/123r



Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us.

ISTURBING ARTICLE

ve's Weekly should be congratulated for publishing the article, — A disturbing Revival" (Feb. 7).

n this country there are women demanding equal opportunities men; there are women agitating against the government's inabito check the price rise, law and order etc. But I just can't believe a section of middle-class women have taken out for the last three rs, a procession to worship Rani Sati Devi.

Where is the necessity to revive this cruel and uncivilised custom sati, when we are in the 20th century and passing through an era of ence and technology?

Are these women not confident of leading a decent and sober life fter their husbands' death? Don't they care for the upkeep of the mily? Don't they think about their children's career and welfare? What will happen to these poor children if both parents die and leave hem orphaned?

S. KRISHNA KUMAR, Bombay.

STIMULATING AND INSTRUCTIVE

The articles on girls driven to death in Gujarat; on Indian Muslims and on communal harmony (Feb. 7) were stimulating, educative and instructive. They call for action by sincere young people aided by elders with a social conscience.

CHUNDI JAGANNATAAM, Hyderabad.

TOYS FOR MEN

When I read the article by Ila Pathak (Feb. 7), I paused for a moment to ponder whether some of the matrimonial advertisements for brides are calling for candidates to be killed. What security do the poor ladies possess in the house of their husbands where marriage is an instrument for profit? Many suicides and murders are termed accidental deaths, or never reported. So long as men treat women as toys to play with for their lust and as tools to be used for minting money, women will never be safe in India.

U.S. IYER, Pune.

SECOND CLASS CITIZENS

My heartiest congratuations to Shahzad Shah on writing such a remarkable article about the position of Muslims in democratic and secular India (Feb. 7). Muslims are really treated as second class citizens in their homeland. Whenever they demand their rights or raise their voices for justice, they are considered communal and Pakistanis. They are faithful and try their best to serve their motherland.

DR. ANJUMAN ARA ANJUM, Aligarh.

IMPRESSIVE CARTOONS

With reference to your issue on sati and dawry deaths, the thing I liked most was the cartoons taken from the calendar on women, brought out by a feminist group, which were included in the article, "Driven To Death" (Feb. 7).

Cartoons, calendars, plays, short films and parodies, I feel, are the most effective means of bringing home the many injustices against women — they make a lasting impact in a minimum period of time. Instead of seminars, articles and discussions, which only the literate can absorb, more stress should be laid on the above means in bringing about women's liberation, because they reach a wider public and are easier to comprehend.

BEENU SETHI, Chandigarh.

SPECIAL ISSUE

HOUSEWIVES Vs CAREER WOMEN

...A time for reconciliation

APRIL 4th 1981

PRICE RS. 2.50

they have one thing in common

they both depend on

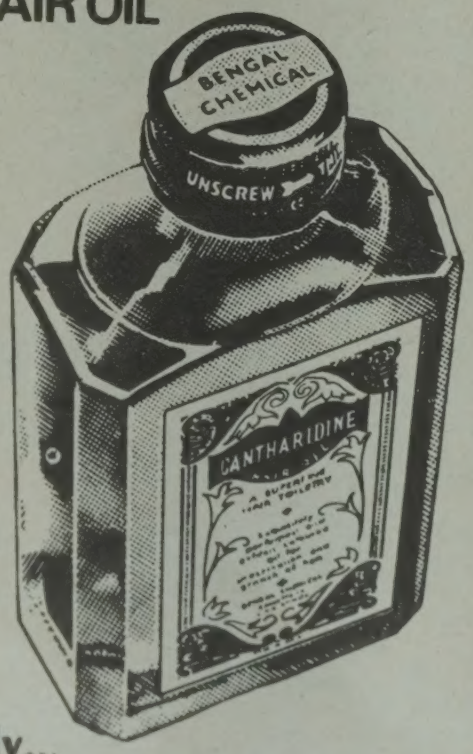
BENGAL CHEMICAL'S

CANTHARIDINE

HAIR OIL

They may have hair-splitting quarrels on everything under the Sun. But for hair-care, they both depend on Bengal Chemical's Cantharidine Hair Oil.

Trusted for over 60 years, Bengal Chemical's Cantharidine Hair Oil keeps your hair lustrous, healthy and well-groomed.



a familiar name with every family...

A quality product of BENGAL CHEMICAL
(A Govt. of India Enterprise)

PPS-BC

The Incredible!

Fantastic Results Without Dieting.

Developed in Europe, the sensational Sauna System is now achieving slenderizing results far beyond the scope of other reducing products. *And Sauna System takes off the excess cms where you need to lose them, without dieting—and won't leave you with loose, flabby skin as 'crash diets' do.* With Sauna System, as you lose, your body becomes tighter, firmer, and more shapely —the cms. stay off. *And yet the Sauna System works so amazingly fast that you can actually measure the difference in just 30 minutes.*

"If your stomach measurements are 15% larger than your chest measurements your expectancy of life is decreased by 25%"
AN ENGLISH DOCTOR SAID

MOS Fitness Equipments
Mehta Mahal 15, Mathew Road Bombay 400 004
Manufacturers of the 'Bullworker'.

GUARANTEED

SAUNA SYSTEM

You must lose
2 to 7 cms. from your waist, hips, and thighs in just 5 days
—without dieting.
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Only Sauna System can achieve results like these: Thousands of users are discovering that Sauna System is indeed the world's easiest and fastest slenderizer taking off excess cms a few times faster than diet pills, crash diets, or any other method they have ever tried.

Results guaranteed or your money back
The step by step Sauna System course works directly on excess fatty tissues, quickly melting away unwanted cms. Regardless of your age, height, sex and present measurements, this scientific system will work wonders. Get started on the Sauna System programme today. If in 5 days you do not shed 2 to 7 cms. around the waist, hips and thighs, simply return everything for a full and immediate refund, no questions asked.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

SS1-B

SAUNA SYSTEM
Mehta Mahal, 15 Mathew Road, Bombay 400 004

Please rush me SAUNA SYSTEM by V.P.P. for Rs. 107 (plus Rs. 8 for p. & f.) under your 10 days free home trial. If I am not completely delighted I'll return it in 10 days for a full and immediate refund (less p. & f. charges).

EW-15

Name:.....
Address:.....
.....
Pin Code:.....Signature:.....

BRIDAL FORM®

BRAS • PANTIES • GIRDLES

Now
"NIGHT ANGEL"
Available
in Two x Two Rubia
And Luxara Jersy
in five colours.

K.R. VITHAL.

PHONE : 317919

LALSING BUILDING, 13, TRIKAMJIGHIYA MARG,
NEAR MANGALDAS MARKET, BOMBAY-400 002

WHOLESALE STOCKISTS :-

M/s. Ladharm Srichand
196, N.S.C. Bose Road,
Madras — 600 001
Phone 26773

M/s. Quick Sales
43 Park Street
Calcutta — 700 016

M/s. Chandra Hosiery
203/1, Mahatma Gandhi Road,
(3rd floor,
Room No. D14/15)
Calcutta — 700 007
Phone 338446

Sheila-Sons
F-39, Ghaffar Market,
Karol Bagh,
New Delhi — 110 005
Phone 564980

PRETTY STITCHERY

A LOVELY FLORAL MOTIF FOR A CUSHION COVER

MATERIALS:

One skein each light red, medium red, dark red, white, yellow, spring green and parrot green. Crewel needle No. 7. Black cotton material 60 cms. in length, 91.5 cms. in width

MEASUREMENTS:

Cushion cover 40 cms. x 54 cms.

INSTRUCTIONS:

Cut two pieces from the black material to above measurements, keeping seam allowance. Draw the floral pattern as shown in photograph and trace in the centre of one piece. The three red flowers are embroidered in long and short stitch, shading each petal with light and medium red thread, using single strand of thread in the needle. Some of the tips of the petals are similarly worked in white. The centre of each flower is worked in French knots in yellow using two strands of thread; all round it long and short strokes are embroidered in dark red.

The stems are worked in satin stitch in spring green with two strands of thread, the leaves are shaded in long and short stitch, using single thread of parrot green and spring green. The veins in the centre of the leaves are worked in stem stitch in spring green.

Small flowers are worked in satin stitch in white with a red French knot in the centre. The stems and leaves are worked in stem stitch and satin stitch respectively using two strands of spring green thread.

Having completed the embroidery, press work on wrong side with a hot iron. Stitch the two cut pieces of the material along three sides, turn to right side. Insert a cushion made to measurement and stitch to finish the fourth side.

Arnavaz Dhondy

Photograph : Tehya

TABASSUM:

from child artiste to multi-media personality

A PROFILE OF AN AMAZINGLY VERSATILE AND SUCCESSFUL CAREER WOMAN, WHO HAS, AMONG OTHER THINGS, BEEN A CHILD STAR, WRITTEN A NUMBER OF BOOKS, BROADCASTS OVER THE RADIO AND HOSTS THE LONGEST RUNNING AND MOST POPULAR TELEVISION SHOW IN THE COUNTRY

Rajiv Kumar

The story of Baby Tabassum the child artiste, who became a multi-media personality, is fascinating. She is said to have acted in over 150 films. Today, she conducts her own radio spots, her immensely popular 'Phool Khile Hain Gulshan Gulshan' on Bombay TV and is also an authoress in her own right.

Her mother, Asghari Begum, used to be the dialogue teacher for Kamla Kotnis for Famous Pictures' 'Mera Suhag'. Tabassum, who spent most of her time in the company of litterateurs like Ali Sardar Jafri, Kaifi Azmi, Majrooh Sultanpuri, Zoey Ansari and Sadat Hasan Manto had a perfect Urdu diction and sometimes she would prompt Kamla Kotnis before her mother had a chance to speak. Rajinder Krishan, Baburao Pai and D. D. Kashyap saw it and asked Asghari Begum if she would like to have her daughter act in 'Nargis' in a role almost as good as that of the heroine. Asghari Begum, though she had broken tradition and married a Hindu (A. N. Dey) was conservative at heart. She hesitated. Pai told her that the girl was so small (she was three then) that there was no chance of any foul play and that she could utilise the money to buy paper for her paper, "Tanvir Monthly" in Urdu.

A true journalist, Asghari Begum could not resist it. And so Baby Tabassum got her first film. When it was released, Baby Tabassum was the one that got the most publicity. In fact, she got more publicity than the film itself and all the other stars of the film put together.

Tabassum got Rs. 5,000 for this film — a real big amount then. After the release of 'Nargis', Sohrab Modi approached her parents and offered her a role. They dared not refuse him directly, so they asked for an impossible amount — Rs. 10,000. Sohrab Modi agreed and a shocked Asghari Begum got another supply of papers! The film was 'Majhdhar'.

Tabassum remembers one incident from the shooting of this film clearly. One day she happened to yawn on the sets. Modi immediately ordered a pack-up because the child was exhausted. Khurshid (heroine of the film) was to go out of station and she warned him that he woudn't get her dates for at least a month. But Sohrab Modi did not change his mind — he cared more for Baby Tabassum than for his heroine.

Baby Tabassum soon won the title of 'Indian Shirley Temple' (In fact, even Shirley Temple did not work in that many films)

Then came the most difficult time in an actress' life — when she is no more a child but is not mature enough to play the heroine either. Tabassum decided to retire from films for a few years and catch up with her studies. She did her 'Adibe-Mahir' in Urdu literature from the Aligarh Muslim University, which is equivalent to B. A. Hons. "I make no claims about my Hindi or English, but I can accept anybody's challenge when it comes to Urdu," says she.

She started her career as a full-fledged heroine with a Gujarati film, 'Lakho Vadjaro' in 1961. Her hero was the then superstar Pradeep Kumar and the film was a big hit.

LEFT: Baby Tabassum "the Indian Shirley Temple", with a youthful Dev Anand.

Though it may be difficult to believe now, she was very slim then. She was (and is) beautiful, attractive and talented, Naturally, she started getting offers from Hindi films. While she did side-roles in films like 'Phir Wohi Dil Laya Hoon' and 'Dharmputra', she also accepted heroine's roles in 'C' grade films. She did at least 25 of these films, of which 'Son of Robin Hood,' 'Tarzan Ki Mehbooba', 'Zimbo Ka Beta', 'Alibaba Aur Chalis Chor', 'Gogola' and 'Jadugar Aur Lutera' are a few.

That proved to be a fatal mistake. With the exceptions of Sanjeev Kumar and Mumtaz, no hero or heroine of 'C' grade films has ever been able to make

it really big. The same happened with Tabassum. However, she was quite popular in Gujarati films (a language she does not know to this day) and she even won the Gujarat State's Best Actress award in 1961 for 'Madi Mane Ke Vade' against such Gujarati speaking heroines as Asha Parekh, Aruna Irani and Daisy Irani. (Incidentally, this was the same story that was picturised later in Hindi as 'Kati Patang'.)

She did a few more roles in films like 'Pyar Ka Mausam', 'Talash', 'Ladki Pasand Hai', 'Tere Mere Sapne', 'Gambler', and then decided to call it quits since she wasn't getting any worthwhile roles anyway. That was in 1970 and ever since, she has successfully resisted the temptation to reverse her decision. Her last films were 'Adhikar' in Hindi and 'Ooper Gagan Vishal' in Gujarati.

Once retired from films, she

With Ameen Sayani who invited her to record her first radio programme.

RIGHT: Almost literally snowed under with fan-mail.

---

was idle for about a year. Then she met Ameen Sayani at a party and he asked what she was doing. "Nothing," she replied. "Why don't you do a programme for me on the radio?" was Ameen's next question.

So Ameen asked her to come and record a programme with him. The programme was 'Sitaron Ke Saathi' in which a film personality came every week and talked about three film stars that he/she had worked with. Even the experienced stars used to take three to five days to record this 15-minute programme, even after being provided with a script. Tabassum refused to take a script and recorded the 15-minute programme in 15 minutes.

Ameen almost fainted. Then he did the next logical thing — asked her to join him on the radio. She accepted and thus started 'Tabassum Ke Jokes' This programme was then sponsored by Gujarat Savings Unit. In the following years, sponsors kept changing but the format of the programme has remained the same. It has won her the title of Jokes Queen.

"It was I who started a craze for jokes in India," Tabassum stresses. "Before me, jokes were hardly ever heard of or read by the Indian audience. After me, they even started discussing them in the local trains."

Today Tabassum does a lot of programmes on Vividh Bharati as well as Radio Sri Lanka every week, most of them without a script. But jokes are her forte and she claims that she can think of brand new jokes extempore on any situation, any topic. "You can't tell me a joke I haven't heard already," she challenges me. I decide not to try.

"I feel glad when I see my jokes getting popular. But the real fun comes when people start telling me my own jokes as their original ones," she says.

In October 1972 TV came to Bombay. The itch again started and Tabassum asked Ameen how and where to apply to get a programme on TV. Ameen scolded her saying that she should have confidence in herself and that the TV people would themselves come to her.

"Ameen Bhai's tongue seem-

In spite of a broken leg in '79 Tabassum continued working, appearing on stage in a wheelchair.

---

ed to be blessed by the gods that afternoon," she recalls. "When I reached home that evening, I found an official from Bombay TV waiting for me with an offer to do a programme for them."

That was the beginning of 'Phool Khile Hain Gulshan Gulshan." It was a sort of variety programme then. In the first 10 minutes Kaka Hathrasi recited his poems, the next 10 minutes were devoted to Alok Ganguli's singing talent and finally, Tabassum spent the last 10 minutes talking to Naushad. But soon, on public demand, as well as in view of 10 minutes not being enough for an interview, it was decided to make it a full half-an-hour's interview programme.

Since then it has become perhaps the most popular programme produced by a TV centre in India. It has created a world record too. No other TV programme has ever survived this long, with the same compere. At one time she was unceremoniously dismissed from the programme but the fans and the press created such a row that the issue was even discussed at the Parliamentary level and she had to be reinstalled within four months.

Her filmi upbringing is turning out to be a big asset now. She has already done about 400 'Phool Khile. . .' and she claims that she had never had to interview a total stranger. Further, she doesn't have to read about them before the interview — she already knows all about them.

In the early 70s, she had started compering programmes on stage as well. In 1979 she formed her own troupe — 'Tabassum's Hit Parade' with all the new names. The only saleable name is that of Tabassum and the show is now doing about 65 shows a year.

In Oct. '79 she broke her leg in San Francisco when coming down a hill. With one leg wrapped up in plaster she did one show each at San Francisco, Los Angeles and Detroit and 25 shows in Bombay. She used to appear on the stage sitting in a wheel-chair. During this period one of her shows fetched the largest collection ever — Rs. 4 lakhs for the South Indian Education Society.

But this is not all. There is still another aspect of her personality — literature. She is an authoress too. So far she has published five books. The first book she published was right after she passed her matric in 1960. 'Tabassum-az-Tabassum' (Tabassum by Tabassum). The next one was published in 1968 — 'Deewan-e-Tabassum', a collection of her 125 ghazals, ending with every letter from Alif to Ye (or A to Z, if you please). Her third book was a novel — 'Muskurate Aansoo', (Smiling Tears) in 1967. Next came 'Pankhdi Gulab Ki' (Rose Petal) in 1968 and finally 'Tabassum Hi Tabassum', a collection of 1,000 jokes, most of them original, simultaneously in Hindi and

Continued on page 17

THE MAGIC OF MAKE-UP

Lalita Uttamsingh

Make-up is the art of illusion. A girl needn't get depressed just because she doesn't like the shape of her nose. With a little expertise and practice in the use of highlighter and shading, she can do a lot to improve it.

Here, Roma Chugani, an up-and-coming model, shows you some basic, professional make-up tricks

Deft application of make-up, combined with a careful appraisal of your good features, and a few fool-the-eye tricks to make the most of the not-so-good points, will enhance your loveliness

that are quite easy to try and which can make all the difference to your appearance. A remarkable paradox is that those who are experienced in the art of make-up look the least 'made-up'. This is because they use make-up to alter imperfections, rather than to add colour, highlight and so on. Every one of us has some feature we'd like

to improve; small eyes, less-than-perfect chin, a wide nose.

We show you three faces of Roma. In the first Roma is very casual. With her hair brushed back loosely and pinned into a chignon, we get an idea of her facial features. Her high cheekbones and wide eyes will be emphasized. The first step in any make-up is to ensure a clean face after which moisturiser is used. This very important step is basically to preserve the freshness of the skin. It also ensures a kind of a barrier between the skin and the make-up used.

Visually, a moisturiser smoothens and plumps skin surface by equalising its parts; adds a film of oil on the skin that obscures textural flaws, fills in the gaps, stops the scattering of light and improves the feel of skin. "The eyes, mouth and throat areas need most moisture," says Roma, "even young faces."

Then comes the blending of foundation with the skin colouring. A faint eyeshadow on the upper eyelids and lower eyelids slightly 'pencilled' is what Roma prefers for her daily make-up. A darker shade of brown than her skin colouring is blended into the hollows of her cheeks while a blusher is brushed on the cheekbones. Her lips take on a lovely pink gloss for a soft and fresh look.

To maintain an informal appearance, Roma leaves her hair loose.

In contrast we have another picture of Roma — her face made up glamorously for an evening out. The make-up is heavier and the shading more emphatic. Highlighter is used just below the eyebrows, brushed down the length of the nose, and also on the point of her chin to accentuate these features. Quite rightly, Roma considers her eyes her best feature, and, tossing aside the more way-out tones, sticks to the colours that make the most of them — browns. To emphasize her good features, Roma finds her eyes need lifting to look alive. So she blends a pearly highlighter on the eyebones just below the brow and the outer corner of the eyelids, then a darker brown shadow where the eye crease is, and finally a pale brown shade on the upper eyelids, blending these outwards with a brush. Lastly, the lashes are made to appear thicker by using black mascara.

A brown shader is used in the hollows of cheeks, below the chin and at the sides of the nose. The eyes are thus made to look wider apart and more conspicuous, the nose is made to look slimmer while the chin is given more prominence.

Roma also stresses the importance of a blusher to get rid of that 'peaky' look that most girls tend to ignore. She strokes on a mid-peach brown across the cheekbones up to the temples and round the chin for warmth — this shading helps break the length.

She paints her mouth in a pretty, warm red pearly shade to give more glow to her skin and emphasize her dark glossy hair. She outlines her lips first with a lip-brush explaining that she likes to perfect the shape of her lips, especially the Cupid's bow.

The neck is not forgotten either. Foundation is used here as well, also a brown shader in the hollows of the neck. A blusher is stroked along the length of the neck in the centre, as well as on the collar bones, to complete the natural flow of the make-up.

A good shampoo is followed by conditioner to get her hair into the best of condition. Roma starts off that special evening with blow-drying her hair. This gives it body, fullness and sheen which helps to make a hair-do even more attractive. She rolls up her hair all round her head for an elegant style showing off her neckline and shoulders. The wisps of hair near the cheeks and jawline as well as along the nape give softer appeal. The strand of pearls round the neck adds glamour.

Photographs : Tarun Sawant

THE FACE BEHIND THE VOICE

Chaya Srivatsa

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said and the mercenary suitor rejected the pretty maid. I wonder what his reaction would have been, had she said, "My voice is my fortune." A curled lip and a derogatory sniff, I guess. More fool he — because today, with the boom in the audio media, a person gifted with a good speaking and squeaking (sorry, singing) voice can very well hope to make a fortune. With the advent of the commercial service of All India Radio, there has been a great demand for voices that can sell a product over the air. For a 10 second spot, a voice is paid between Rs. 250 and Rs. 500, depending on the calibre. A jingle can fetch the same. Another sphere, where the spoken word holds sway is the Films Division. The most potent mass communication media, the Films Division grades its speakers into three categories, and the remuneration is dependent on it.

Who are the people who 'voice' the plus points of a product over the air? Whose is the voice which reads out the history of a monument, in the darkened precincts of a cinema hall? What kind of training do these people have?

NIRMALA MATHAN

MEET **Nirmala Mathan**. To Bombay T. V. news listeners, she is a familiar face and voice, to the theatregoer, she is a familiar actress to the music lover, she is a familiar singer in the All Saints Choir. For those outside, Bombay, she is only a familiar 'voice', as she has been a Films Division commentary speaker for over 17 years now. Gifted with a pleasing voice, Nirmala has tapped its versatility to perfection. The first person to recognise its potential was Melville D'Mello, who, 20 years ago, invited her to do important interviews and take part in his 'radio newsreel'. With this coveted start, it's been a steady climb for Nirmala, whe is today rated as the best female voice in the Films Division.

She also lends her voice for radio spots, the Air-India in-flight audio-visual programme on Indian dance, and the Nehru Planetarium. She is also invited to compere stage shows and judge debates and elocutions. What does she do to nurture her voice?

"Well, I sing a lot, this gives my voice range and nuances, I don't really fuss over it though — I eat and drink cold stuff. I just use it and perhaps that's what keeps it in shape," says Nirmala, casually dismissing her talent.

Nirmala feels strongly about the step-motherly treatment meted out to female voices. She has been championing the cause of women speakers, whose demand is much less in the male-dominated set-up in both commercials and Films Division. By sheer talent and grit she has been able to win her cause and thanks to her efforts, the bias is slowly waning.

PRATAP SHARMA

"WHEN a man speaks, people listen and if they like what they hear, they look." When I spoke to **Pratap Sharma** on the phone, I liked what I heard and when I met him the following day liked what I saw! An actor, playwright and novelist, Pratap Sharma has the most sought after voice in English. He recalls how he entered the arena of commentary speaking by sheer chance. Twenty years ago, as a student, he was asked to read the poetic prologue in 'The Glass Menagerie' which was staged in his college. Two people in the audience, Sam Barkley Hill and Ameen Sayani, both doyen 'voices' of the day, recognised the possibilities in the youngster and urged him to take an audition test in the Films Division. That was the beginning and the end is nowhere in sight. Pratap has lent his voice to a number of technical documentaries, training films, ad films, radio spots, TV and Films Division documentaries. Apart from this, he has acted in four Hindi feature films, written a number of plays, both in English and Hindi and published a few novels.

Pratap doesn't hold a job in the conventional sense. Years ago, he was handpicked for a senior executive post in a well-known company. He quit after a fortnight, finding an office schedule too stifling. "I like my day to unfold newly every day. I want time to be my slave rather than the other way around, and after all life is an adventure, to be taken as it comes," says Pratap. When he finds the urge to write he does the vanishing trick to some idyllic place and buries himself in his writing. "I take my retirements in instalments," is how he puts it. Though he is better known for his voice, Pratap confesses to a greater passion for writing.

Pratap has some very useful tips for aspiring voices. 'Reading aloud, in different voices, the entire plays of Shakespeare, preferably lying down with the head thrown back and then gradually changing to a sitting position. This gives resonance to the voice, a love and feel for words and some breathing exercises." Any takers?

PREETI SAGAR

"Happy days are here again...''; "Vicco Vajradanti...''; "My heart is beating...keeps on repeating..." you've guessed right. It's **Preeti Sagar.** Light eyes, a pleasant smile, a soft voice and a sweet temperament — that's the impression which remains after meeting Preeti Sagar. Almost all the jingles which are heard on 'Vividh Bharati', are sung by her. She sings in Hindi, English, Marathi, Gujarati, Bengali, Tamil, Telegu and Kannada. Preeti has been singing in many films lately. She prefers to devote her time to playback singing, but cannot refuse offers for commercial jingles because most of the producers are her father's personal friends and have known her since her childhood.

Playback singing is more lucrative and less time consuming than a 10 second jingle — because a song gives enough time for emotion, and the instrumental interlude provides a breather. In a jingle, the feel of the product should be communicated in 10 or 15 seconds and sometimes, it has to be sung in one breath! Preeti's speciality is that she can get the 'feel' of a jingle, even if it is in a language which is alien to her.

Her day is crammed with recording — either jingles or film songs. She has won the 'Filmfare' best singer trophy twice, and her greatest moment was when she presented her award winning 'Manthan' song record to Prince Charles on his visit to Anand in Gujarat. Preeti hasn't had formal training in music and she puts her talent down to her family atmosphere which has always been humming with music. She loves music — any kind of music — and is lucky to have a voice to match. Her latest triumph is the nursery rhyme cassette brought out by H.M.V.

KUNDA REGE

KUNDA Rege was recently in the news in theatre circles. Her performance in two plays, put up in Kannada, drew rave reviews from drama critics in Bombay. But acting is more a hobby while 'voicing' for commercials in Kannada, is more or less her career. She began as an announcer in Kannada with the Bombay station of All India Radio in 1954 and graduated to being a compere of one of their weekly programmes.

The next step was of course Films Division where she was one of the first Kannada commentary speakers in 1959. As this media was not very well known then, there were very few speakers and Kunda did both Kannada and Marathi commentaries. The advent of the Vivid Bharathi commercial service opened a new vista for Kunda, who did most of the regional language spots in Hindi, Kannada, Marathi, Assamese, Bengali and Tamil. As there were very few 'voices', she was trained to do all the regional ads. Now there are many new 'voices' entering both the ad scene and the Films Division, yet Kunda has retained her position as top favourite in Kannada by sheer professionalism and hard work. Paymentwise, regional language spots fetch less and Kunda feels that this discrimination is unfair as the effort and time spent is the same as for English

TABASSUM

Continued from page 13

Urdu. She also owns 'Tabassum Publications' and her sixth book is in the press.

No, the list is still not complete. There are these new wonder-video cassettes where Tabassum has already made her mark. She has already recorded 'Geetanjali', an entertainment programme with a difference that has been appreciated by everybody who has seen it and a one-hour programme for B. R. Chopra, introducing his four video films. She proposes to do programmes on Mohammad Rafi, Amitabh Bachchan and Sahir.

Today Tabassum is successful rich and happy. "I consider myself lucky having a successful marriage as well as a successful career. Most of the women wreck their homes trying to make their careers. I have been married to Vijay for 15 years and we still feel like unmarried lovers," Tabassum states as she attends to a call from her husband in Delhi. "Do come back today itself. How shall I live for two days?" she cooes.

A major share of the credit for this happiness must go to Vijay Govil, her husband. He is sincere, intelligent and understanding and he loves Tabassum. He has always encouraged and helped Tabassum and one would not be mistaken in stating that he is the man behind this successful woman.

Having married a Hindu, Tabassum is also known as Kiran Govil. Accordingly, her 14-year-old son is called Pankaj as well as Hoshung. Vijay (her husband) has five brothers and two sisters. All of them love Tabassum like their own sister. Usually inter-communal marriages are met with disapproval from both the sides but Tabassum claims that it has made her popular with both the communities. "Hindus call me 'didi' and Muslims call me 'apa'. In fact, my home is the finest possible example of not only national but international integration," she says. "My three brothers have married Yugoslav, Japanese and American girls."

She is very excited about the new flat that she has bought near Nanda's bungalow. She takes me there and shows me around — this is the kitchen, this will be Hoshung's room, that will be... etc. etc. "You are the first person to whom I have shown this flat," she tells me.

She is looking after the furnishing of the flat like a typical housewife. "People think I can't look after my home since I am a star, but I even buy the vegetables myself. I am a very efficient housewife," she claims. I can well believe it, seeing her reminding the cook that the peas are in the fridge while he insists that they have run out of peas. She proves correct.

"TV has a definite edge over cinema," she comes back to her favourite subject. "I prefer the title of 'India's TV Queen' to any other one. Today people respect me, call me 'didi' and treat me like their sister wherever I go. All that the biggest film stars can expect from the public are comments like 'Hai meri jaan' and 'Mere sapnon ki rani'."

As I get up, Tabassum starts questioning me about myself. She finally manages to find a common link — that we have both studied at Aligarh. "That makes me your elder sister. You must come here more often," she insists. And suddenly I know why she is so popular.

Tabassum gets very little free time but when she does, she spends it on social work. She makes it a point to visit hospitals, schools, jails, children's homes and even mental asylums regularly to distribute fruits to the inmates, sit and talk with them and sometimes even watch 'Phool Khile. . .' in their company. According to her, it gives them immense pleasure to have the person whom they are seeing on the TV screen with them in flesh and blood.

Once, while visiting a children's home, she asked the children what they would like her to do for them. They replied that they wanted to see Dara Singh and could she please send him. She contacted Dara Singh and he was kind enough to fulfil the children's wish.

TV sources reveal that she is paid Rs. 200 per programme of 'Phool Khile. . .' and it is her responsibility to select the stars, contact them and herd them to the TV centre for the interview. At this rate, this programme can easily be counted as one of her social activities.

R. K.

ILLUMINATING

ORKAY

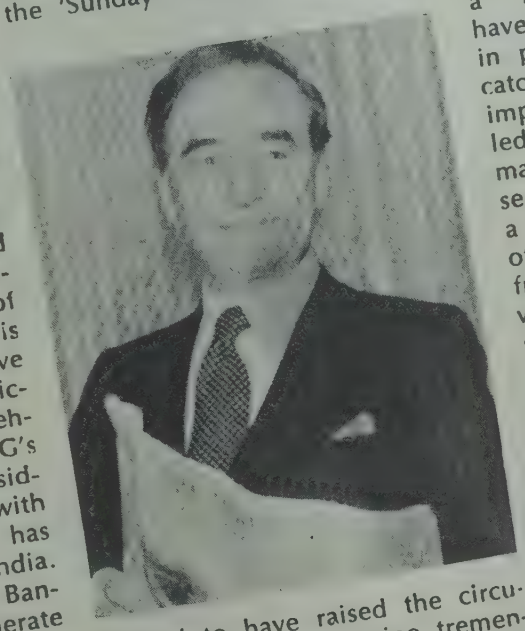
TRANS-O

DRESS MATERIALS
SHIRTINGS

ORKAY SILK MILLS PVT. LTD.
Bombay-400 0[illegible]

is difficult to believe that Gandhi, that consummate tician, didn't have a hand in least encouraging the event en if she didn't bring it about rself. **Hasina Sheikh,** the quiet, espectacled 28-year-old daugh- r of assassinated Bangladesh eader, Sheikh Mujibur Rehman as been living in self-imposed exile in New Delhi since 1975. But an eight-member delegation of the Awami League, the most powerful opposition party in Bangladesh, recently visited Delhi and made Hasina the president of the party. In spite of the danger to her life, Hasina is soon to return to her native country to fight the military dictatorship of President Zia-ur Rehman. The reason I see Mrs. G's hand in the game is that President Zia of Bangladesh, along with his namesake in Pakistan, has not been too friendly with India. But if Hasina goes back to Bangladesh, she will surely generate more goodwill for India among her countrymen! Hasina certainly has her priorities all set out. "The first thing I would do is hunt out my father's assassins and punish them according to the law," she said.

long plagued by strikes in the 'Times', lost $30 million last year and decided to put up the paper for sale. Murdoch reportedly offered $65 million for the paper. Immediately the agitated public took up the issue in the British Parliament but once again, money won. In a bid to placate the British and their love of tradition at all costs, Murdoch has gone ahead and given a written undertaking that he will not interfere in editorial matters. The old editor resigned voluntarily and his place has been taken by the 'Sunday Times' editor, who



is said to have raised the circulation of the magazine tremendously. The striking workers seem surprisingly happy about the deal. Said their leader Owen O'Brien, "Mr. Murdoch is tough but he sticks to his word."

ALL press barons want to turn respectable sooner or later Look at **Rupert Murdoch.** Not content with owning tabloids (very successful ones, at that!) which brimmed with grisly murders and pictures of scantily clad women, he broke every rule on earth to buy the 'New York' magazine and the 'Village Voice' in America. There was a hue and cry about selling out to a foreigner (Rupert is a 49-year-old Australian), but the power of money won ultimately. Now he has done the impossible by buying out one of the most staid and revered papers in the world, the 'London Times.' Lord Thomson,

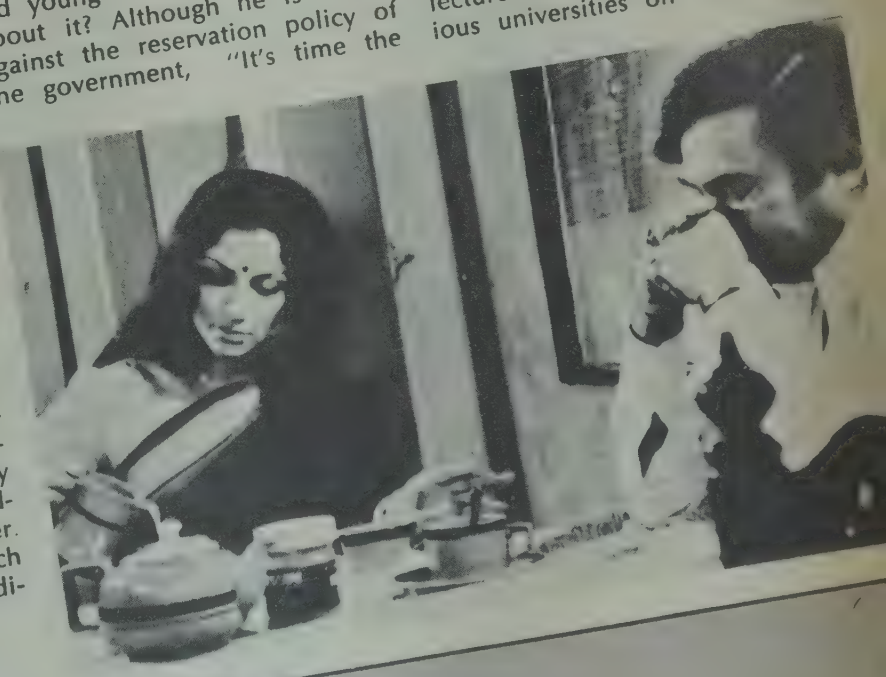
vidual merits and forced the college to accept the white medical student.

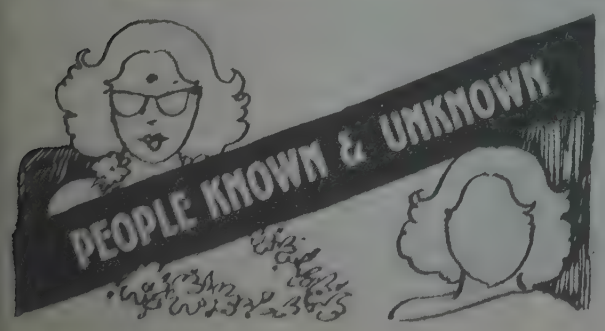
This incident has poignant parallels here. Originally, the Constitution makers, in an effort to eradicate the stranglehold of the caste system, had decided that scheduled castes and tribes would be given reservations for 25 years and once they became economically strong, this special privilege would be withdrawn. But politicians have made a mockery of this. They have raised the reservation quota in professional colleges just to catch votes, but done nothing to improve the lot of the scheduled castes and tribes at the primary school level. Naturally resentment has been growing like a cancer in the hearts of the other castes. This erupted into a frenzy recently in Ahmedabad when **Manoj Shah,** a brilliant student crippled by polio on both legs, who stood second in the final M.B.B.S. examination, was denied a post-graduate seat in pathology because according to government rules it had to be reserved for a scheduled caste student, even if there was none applying for the seat! This brought the already agitated medicos to action and the rest is history. But what does the 24-year-old young man have to say about it? Although he is totally against the reservation policy of the government, "It's time the agitators weighed the gains they expect to make with the loss caused to Gujarat," he says, and continues: "We have stretched the reservation issue like an elastic band, not knowing when it may snap."

REMEMBER the case of inverse discrimination that shook America a couple of years ago? At that time a white student, who had very high marks, had been denied admission in a prestigious medical school because of the quota of seats reserved for blacks and others. The tricky question came up: 'Can a brilliant student be denied admission just so that an average guy can be given his seat?' The judges did not know the answer. They finally decided that each case should be decided on indi-

MANY of **Basu Bhattacharya's** films are either half complete or not yet released in India. Yet, he seems to be doing very well for himself. Take his newest film 'Grihapravesh', for instance. This film has yet to open in Bombay and other Indian cities, but it has already started its commercial run in Washington. It has an interesting star cast with **Sanjeev Kumar** and **Sharmila Tagore** in the lead. The film won the Mitra award at the last Asian film festival because of its subject matter: 'An outstanding story of saving a marriage'. More laurels are to come. The movie has been selected along with Arohi's other poignant film 'Sparsh', to be shown at the forthcoming Hong Kong festival.

And like all sucessful film makers, Basu Bhattacharya flew to Washington, along with his wife and Sharmila Tagore, to participate in the American premiere show and then do a tour of the country, participating in lectures and discussions at various universities on the way.

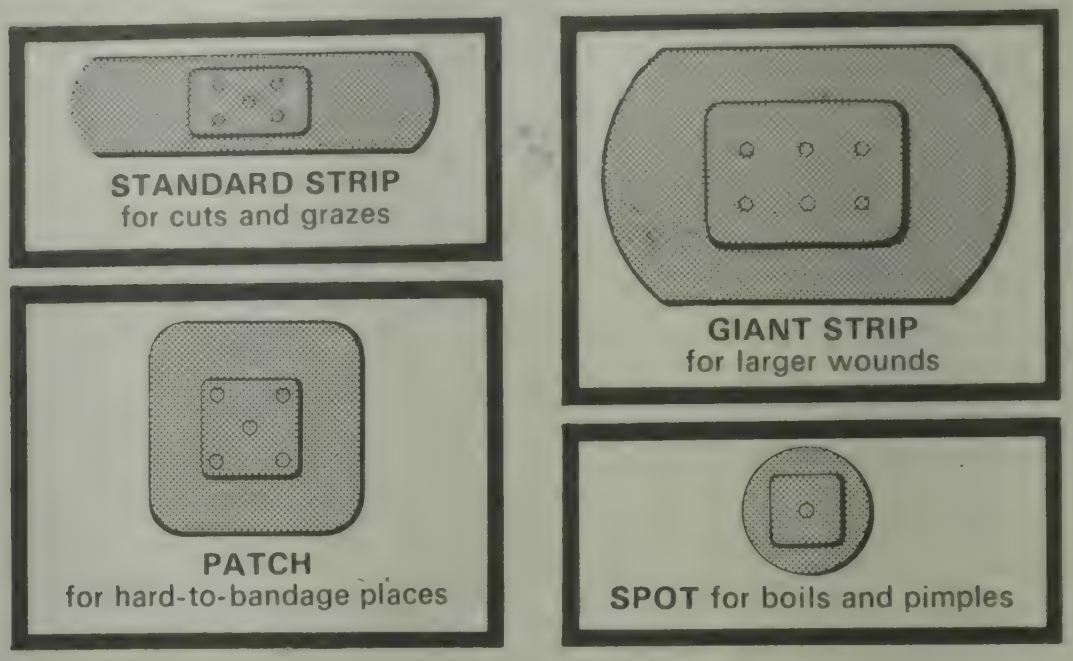




TWO daughters-in-law suddenly become tongue-tied and stop talking completely. The reason: They couldn't cope with the household work. An 18-year-old Muslim woman screams and clenches her teeth and goes into a frenzied spasm for 30 minutes. Why? Because she is engaged to a man she detests and as long as the attacks are there, they cannot get her married to him. A 13-year-old girl is "acting abnormally" because she had been married off before she knew the facts of life. These are the startling conclusions reached by Dr. H. Narasimhaiah and his team of scientists, physicians, psychologists, psychiatrists and legislators. They were jointly investigating the phenomenon of Banamathi, a type of witchcraft allegedly practised in the Gulbarga and Bidar districts of Karnataka. But according to Dr. Narasimhaiah, most of these villagers are suffering from "mass hysteria" over a fear handed down from generation to generation. The belief is strong among the villagers that the illnesses have been caused by the practice of witchcraft on them and even such ailments as T.B., asthma, leprosy and vitamin deficiency are being blamed on the ever-dark and powerful Banamathi.

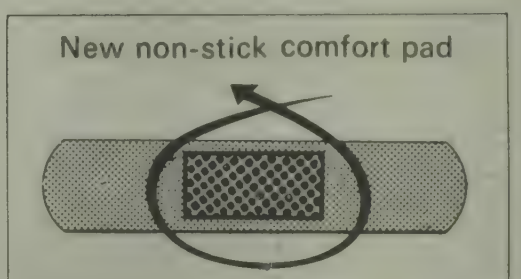
Wounds come in all shapes and sizes

So do BAND-AID Dressings



Wounds are open to infection. Protect them with BAND-AID Dressings. Available in different shapes and sizes to conveniently cover any wound.

Always keep a pack of BAND-AID Dressings handy.



Each BAND-AID Dressing has

- a new non-stick pad for greater comfort, faster healing
- a proven antiseptic that helps to mend broken skin
- tiny pores that let in air to speed up healing.

Protect against infection with BAND-AID BRAND Dressings

BAND-AID AND JOHNSON & JOHNSON ARE TRADEMARKS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON
USA © J&J '79

Johnson & Johnson

OBM/2237

THE LAW:

The law affects our lives much more than we tend to think. It pays to be aware of our existing rights, as well as the rights we have to fight for

MARRYING ONE'S KIN

Rita Rahimtoola

Prohibition of marriage between close relatives is common to most cultures. How wide the incest taboo ranges varies from culture to culture. The rules are so variable that a relative who would be considered a preferred marriage partner in one culture would be abhorred as creating an incestous relationship in another. For example marriage amongst cousins is common amongst Parsis and Muslims but is forbidden by Hindu law.

In determining who can marry whom four concepts play a part. These are:

Endogamy, meaning that marriage must take place within a defined circle of people.

Exogamy, meaning a defined group within which marriage cannot take place.

Consanguinity, meaning relationship by blood.

Affinity, meaning relationship by marriage.

Taboos based on endogamy were very stringent in the past. For instance, amongst Hindus, marriages were valid only between persons belonging to the same caste and even different sub-divisions within the same caste were taken into account in arranging marriages.

But as a result of the Hindu Marriage Disabilities Removal Act of 1946, the Hindu Marriages Validity Act of 1949 and the Hindu Marriage Act of 1955, the old restrictions of endogamy have been considerably loosened and there is a wider choice of marriage partners for Hindus. The present position is that a Hindu does not have to marry within the same caste, sub-caste or sect in order to contract a valid marriage. A Hindu can contract a valid Hindu marriage with another Hindu, Sikh, Jain or Buddhist.

When we take into account the Special Marriage Act 1954 in addition to the Acts cited above, we see that the old restrictions of endogamy have been totally abolished, because under this Act a marriage can be solemnised of any two persons irrespective of religion and caste provided that they have the capacity to marry in other respects, (that is, they have reached the age of majority, are not already married, etc.)

In most civilised societies the restrictions of endogamy are not upheld by modern laws. Though people may continue to marry within their own group, this is a personal, social or cultural preference and not a condition imposed by law. Only primitive cultures have retained the rules of endogamy because they are still subject to a fear and distrust of outsiders.

Rules of exogamy are also of a hoary antiquity. They are meant to prevent marriages between close relatives on two grounds, biological and moral. The biological ground is to prevent degeneracy of the race. The moral ground is to maintain the integrity of the family unit.

Rules of exogamy are based on consanguinity and affinity. Here too, the trend of the law has been to modify the rules. so that the number of those who stand inside the prohibited circle has been shrinking. In England for instance, until the Deceased Wife's Sister's Marriage Act was passed in 1907, a man could not marry his late wife's sister. Similarly, it was only after 1931 that he could marry his deceased brother's widow.

Today in England a person cannot marry a parent, child, grandparent, grandchild, sister or brother, spouse's parent, spouse's child, step-parents, child's spouse, step-grandparent, spouse's grandparent, spouse's grandchild, grandchild's spouse, aunt or uncle, nephew or niece.

Cousins can marry in England but an uncle and niece or an aunt and nephew cannot marry.

In India, the rules of exogamy vary with different communities.

HINDU LAW

Under Hindu law marriage contracted a) within the degrees of prohibited relationship or b) between **sapindas** is void; unless there is a custom or usage governing each of the marriage partners that permits a marriage between the two.

Persons are said to be within the prohibited degrees of relationship if:

1) one is a lineal ascendant or the spouse of a lineal ascendant or descendant of the other; or

2) one was the wife of the brother or of the father's or mother's brother or of the grandfather's grandmother's brother of the other; or

3) the two are brother and sister, uncle and niece, aunt and nephew or children of brother and sister or of two brothers or of two sisters.

Illegitimate blood relationship, relationship by adoption and relationship by half-blood or uterine blood are on par with legitimate relationship by full blood as far as the prohibition to marry is concerned.

Sapinda relationship with reference to any person extends as far as the third generation (inclusive) in the line of ascent through the mother, and the fifth (inclusive) in the line of ascent through the father, the line being traced upwards in each case from the person concerned, who is to be counted as the first generation (prior to 1955, it was up to the fifth generation from the mother and the seventh generation from the father).

Two persons are said to be **sapindas** of each other if one is a lineal ascendant of the other within the limits of the **sapinda** relationship, or if they have a common lineal ascendant who is within the limits of **sapinda** relationship with reference to each of them.

Generally a marriage between cousins, or between uncle and niece, is invalid in Hindu law. However, such marriages can be valid if the parties can prove that the custom or usage applicable to each of them permits such a marriage. The custom must be ancient and it must be certain. For instance in some parts of India, custom allows cousins to marry. Marriage of cognate first cousins (children of brother and sister) is permitted by custom among certain South Indian communities.

What if there is no custom permitting marriage amongst cousins? Can the disappointed Hindu girl and boy seek a way out through a civil marriage? No, they cannot. The Special Marriage Act 1954 too considers first cousins to be within the prohibited degrees of relationship, but allows such a marriage to take place if custom governing at least one of the parties to the marriage, permits it. So for a civil marriage too, an inquiry has to be made whether first cousin marriages are permitted by custom to one of the two parties to the marriage.

Since it is sufficient for a civil marriage that only one of the parties need be permitted by custom to marry a first cousin, we have the peculiar position that two Hindu first cousins cannot marry under the Special Marriage Act but they can marry if one is a Hindu and the other is a non-Hindu and is permitted by his/her personal law to marry a first cousin.

MUSLIM LAW

Under this law, a Muslim cannot marry the following:

Blood relations

a) His own ascendants or descendants.

b) His father's or mother's ascendants or descendants.

c) The sisters or brothers of any ascendant.

Relations by affinity

a) Ascendants or descendants of his wife.

b) The wife of any ascendant or descendant.

Unlawful conjunction

A Muslim cannot lawfully be the husband at the same time of two women who are so related to each other by consanguinity or affinity, that they could not lawfully have intermarried with each other, if they had been of different sexes.

Hence amongst Muslims first cousins can marry either under Muslim law or under the Special Marriage Act. An exception to this rule would arise in the following circumstances:

Abdul marries Amina, his uncle's daughter. Later he falls in love with Razia who is Amina's younger sister. As a Muslim he can marry up to four wives. So he decides to make

Continued on page 50

Good health and good times go together

Drink up your

Bournvita

It does you a world of good

OF BULGES AND BUMPS

Thankamma Jacob

Ever heard of cellulite? The word is not in any dictionary including medical dictionaries. The American Medical Association asserts that there is no medical condition known or described as cellulite.

But then, what is cellulite (pronounced cell-u-leet)? The word seems to be as much of an innovation as the disease. And what is the disease? It is described as hard-to-budge pudges or lumps on women's hips and thighs that stubbornly resist diet and exercise. Men are generally not affected, the excess fat in their case tending to deposit on the abdomen.

The difference between men and women in this respect has been explained by two German physicians on the basis of their findings that the connective tissue beneath women's skin creates large, round, fat cell chambers, whereas in men the fat cell chambers are made up of small, polygonal units that do not budge easily when filled. Besides, certain outer layers of skin in women — the epidermis and corium — are thinner than men's and more likely to reveal any bulging of fat cells underneath. These layers become even thinner and less elastic with advancing age, showing up ugly lumps or bulges, if any. Medical opinion is unanimous in that there is no cellulite without obesity or excess fat.

The cellulite promoters have a different story to tell. According to them, it is not necessary for anyone to be overweight to have cellulite. No matter how thin one is, one can have those lumps or wobbly looking fat that simply refuse to be dislodged. The result is that the disease affects nearly eight out of 10 women! The explanation given by cellulite theorists of this condition of "fat-gone-wrong" is fantastic and unscientific, to say the least. The bumps are alleged to be not ordinary fat but a combination of fat, water and toxic wastes that have accumulated in the connective tissues holding the fat cells just beneath the surface of the skin, on account of the body's inability to eliminate them! No doubt medical authorities will strongly refute such an argument. The New York County Medical Society says: "To present cellulite as a disorder of the liver and, by confused association, of the kidneys, intestine and skin, is a distortion of science and shows total ignorance of pathophysiology."

Vincent F. Cordero, M. D. an F.D.A. medical officer, points out: "A person who retained wastes and toxins would be very ill and could die if not treated. The whole concept is irrational and unscientific."

The contention that cellulite is not ordinary fat has also been disproved by Neil Solomon, M.D., former secretary of Maryland's department of health and mental hygiene and author of a widely syndicated newspaper column on health. He conducted a double blind study on 100 people, taking needle biopsies from 'cellulite sufferers' and from people without the lumpy fat. Pathologists conducting the comparisons pronounced that there was absolutely no difference — they all looked like ordinary fat cells.

But why if it is plain and simple fat, does it form those lumps? It is because about half the body fat is deposited in certain cells just beneath the skin. When a person's fat deposits grow, these cells have to accommodate much more fat than is normal and hence they expand. Since strands of fibrous tissue connect the skin to deeper tissue layers and also separate the fat cell compartments, the increase in size of the latter cannot extend inwards but must necessarily push outward, causing a bulge and waffled appearance of the skin.

Just where on the skin the bulges form is partly determined by sex and heredity. In men, the abdomen is the choice spot while women tend to deposit fat on the hips, buttocks, thighs and breasts. The pattern of fat deposition in daughters, mothers and grandmothers, for example, is likely to be the same.

The most important fact that emerges is that only fat (obese) people tend to form cellulite and not lean ones. Obviously the solution for normal healthy people is to lose weight by low calorie diets and exercise. There is nothing like spot reducing or in other words no equipment, exercise, or treatment can remove fat exclusively from a single area of the body. Ironically, spot exercise can make the exercised part look bulkier instead of slimmer, because exercise builds up the muscles and increases their size. In one study, the fat pad and circumference of the thighs of a group of slightly obese girls were measured and then they were made to exercise only one leg in a gym for 13 weeks. At the end of the period the measurements were taken again. There was no difference in the fat pad measure of the exercised and non-exercised legs. But the circumference of the exercised legs were larger because the muscles there had increased in size! Similarly in tennis players, the arm used more often by them was found to have a larger circumference than the other arm, although the fat pads measured exactly the same on both arms.

This is not to say that exercise does not help one to lose weight. If the calorie intake is curtailed and if enough exercise is done so that the fat deposits have to be used up to generate the energy needed for the exercise, there will surely be loss of weight. But the weight reduction will be observed all over the body and not in any one place. Exercise also enhances good looks by tightening and strengthening the muscles and improving the blood circulation. If the muscles are in good shape, one can have a better and firmer figure and not a sagging one, with flesh hanging loose. With good muscles for example, it is easier to hold in one's stomach.

Diet and exercise, however, can restore one's normal figure only if the skin is elastic enough to spring back when the excess fat is used up (that is, before 35 to 40 years of age). This means that to have a good figure, the best that one can do is to avoid being overweight right from childhood, rather than struggle later to lose weight.

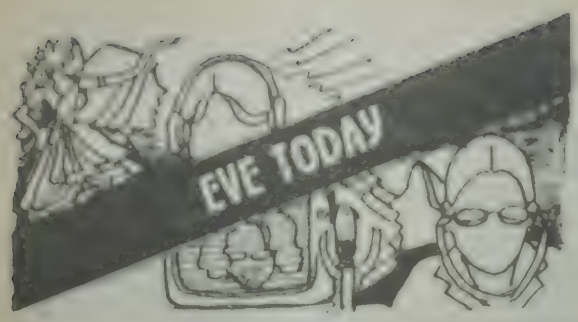
Continued on page 46

SOFTEST... YET THE SAFEST

softouch

Sanitary Napkins

Bidhan-RS-12



Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

ANWARA TAIMUR

REMARKABLE COURAGE

JYOTI JAFA speaks to the chief minister of Assam in an exclusive three-hour interview

Begum Sayeeda Anwara Taimur has shown remarkable courage in accepting the chief ministership of Assam at a time when the whole state is in turmoil. Because as a Muslim woman (although of undeniably Assamese origin), she's doubly disadvantaged, no matter how capable or patriotic she is. Having known her years ago in the Mizo hills where our respective husbands were serving as additional deputy commissioners at Aizwal, I was rather keen to do a write-up on Mrs. Taimur, emphasising the personal eye view of things in general and Assam in particular.

Despite the intervening years, I was pleasantly surprised to find her the same warm unassuming and practical person. She has learned to become amazingly self confident, single minded, and well informed. Her government has also been able to reassert and re-establish official authority in a chaotic region. She had just returned from Delhi with four central ministers on the day we met; chaired a long cabinet meeting; talked to hordes of people from her constituency Dullgone on which many puns are made; attended to piles of files; held discussions with her administrative team; and caught up with the work backlog. Yet I found her cheerfully hospitable at the Gauhati State guest house. Perched atop an isolated hill, built in record time for the 1976 A.I.C.C. conference, it is perfectly located from the security angle, with excellent views of the surrounding city and countryside, though the Brahmaputra is a bit too far off for water gazing.

The main lounge, where we talked, is bright with Naga spear motif cushions, fine Tripura carved cane lamps, Manipuri handloom curtains, and exotic Arunachal rugs. Chosen, strangely enough, by me for Mrs. Gandhi's private suite in 1976 on request, for the person who furnished the place. As Mrs. Taimur pressed figs, grapes and Calcutta sweetmeats besides the usual tea and biscuits on me, I forgot that here was a busy chief minister, and felt instead that she was just one of the senior service wives, putting a guest at ease. For nearly three hours she talked freely about her family, her early political experiences, her memories of Nehru, Indira Gandhi, Pakhruddin Ali Ahmed and other national leaders. We purposely kept discussions about Assam and the current North-Eastern scene to a minimum, for we both knew that the situation is too fluid for comment.

"What made you switch over from teaching to politics?"

Adjusting her glasses, she answered, "It was not a conscious decision. After marriage, my husband naturally wanted me to live with him. I think you've faced the same problem! So I gave up my job at the Bohra Girls' College, Jorhat, and went with him wherever he was transferred. Once the children grew up, I felt like working again. But Mr. Taimur didn't want me to teach like all the other wives. He wanted me to do something different; some constructive social work. So I joined the Mahila Samiti at Barpeta, where we were posted at that time. I used to help them get government grants for helping destitute women and children; and ask the social welfare board to help with their schemes.

"That year Bishnuram Mehdi, the first Assamese to become governor, came to Barpeta from Madras. The public gave him a big reception, in which the mahila samiti also participated. When the time came to read the welcome address, our president became so nervous that the other ladies forced me to take the speech from her trembling hands. I read it out. After the function, the Assam Congress president and Fakhruddin Saheb asked me to join their party, and become convener of the women's wing. Since my husband agreed, I helped Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed and Renuka Barkataki by canvassing for their election. When Renuka Vaidev became M.P., she took me to Delhi, and I had the opportunity of meeting Nehru and Indira Gandhi. He was usually very busy but we found him very playful and good natured. He used to come into the ante-room where the ladies committee met, and laugh and joke with all of us. In 1962 I became member of the A.I.C.C., and later stood for assembly election on a Congress ticket. That's how I entered politics."

I was curious about Mr. Taimur's feelings about serving a government headed by his own wife! She smiled. "You can ask him yourself. I'll ask him to join us. At times it becomes quite embarrassing. But people should understand that the bond between a husband and wife is stronger than protocol."

"Mrs. Taimur, I suppose you find it much easier coping with the multiple responsibilities of home and State now that your children are away."

That was not liked. "My children have always been with me uptil now. And I've never neglected my home or my work. My eldest girl got married only recently. And I had to send my second daughter to Aligarh University, and my son to Hissar for studying agriculture because of the disturbance here, which has caused so many problems to our students. Since the children are all good students, they never created any problems for me, and I found them very helpful and cooperative right from childhood. I miss them very much. Luckily we could spend a few days together this time in Delhi. My husband also is not demanding, and always encourages me in my work. So I don't feel burdened you see." It's a well-known fact that this soberly dressed black haired lady could be seen buying her own vegetables at the weekly 'haats' around Dishpur right up to the time she became chief minister. Practical and competent. Mrs. Taimur frankly enjoys her dual role.

"Are you at a disadvantage in the male dominated political world?"

"In the beginning I used to feel awkward. Initially I was very reluctant to joint the assembly debates and attend conferences. All along I had studied in girls' schools and colleges. Exposure to men came only at Aligarh, where I did my M.A. in Economics. Luckily Pandit Nehru took a keen interest in my career, and encouraged so many of us to stand for elections and participate in public life. He wanted 15 per cent parliamentary and legislative seats reserved for women. Panditji really wanted the women of our country to come up, and worked for their uplift. I find my colleagues very considerate, and haven't had any difficulty so far in doing my job because I'm a woman."

"Considering the large number of women in politics, why do you think only three — including yourself — have made it to the top? And how would you rate the performance of Sucheta Kripalani and Nandini Satpati?"

"What can I say about Mrs. Kripalani and Nandini Satpati? Nobody can become a chief minister by personal effort or ability. Time and circumstance made all three of us C.Ms. Personal calibre counts, no doubt, but in politics, to reach the top, loyalty to the party, personal integrity, and a close relationship with the prime minister is essential. I've found that most women, even though they've joined politics, are not really interested in public office. It's a very tough, demanding profession. While the children are small, you really cannot devote full attention to anything else. Most women are much happier with part-time jobs or in welfare work. This is not just my impression. As convener of the Assam Congress committee, I found the most capable ladies asking me to give tickets not to them, but to their husbands! Actually, women want to see their men on top, and prefer staying in the background. In my case, since I never left the Indira Congress, our P.M. has confidence in me, and chose me for this job."

Mrs. Taimur told me several interesting stories about her 20-year-long association with Mrs. Gandhi. "You've called me courageous, but she's the one I draw my strength from. When she was arrested after her defeat in '77, I organized a protest march even though I was minister of state for education and social welfare at that time. They told me that I would be embarrassing the government by leading the procession. But I told Sharat Sinha that if it was a question of choosing between him and Mrs. Gandhi, I would choose Indiraji. And I resigned from his cabinet. If you look at the newspaper photographs of that procession, you will find Sharat Sinha and Deb Kanta Barua coming along last with sad faces!"

"What is your recipe for avoiding controversies?"

A skeptical glance. "I try to handle matters tactfully, and luckily I've never been temperamental. There's no recipe for avoiding controversies, specially in my job. But my long experience as a social worker, party member and M.L.A. has taught me that there is so much suffering, so many problems, so many needs. Public relations should really be termed human relations. Upsetting other people doesn't help to get things done. Politics require self discipline and understanding of priorities. There may be difficulties in getting things done. Remaining calm and cool helps. I am guided by national interests, regional aspirations, government limitations and public welfare in my work."

Like any good hostess, Mrs. Taimur was reluctant to leave me alone although she had a kitchen crisis brewing. Presumably because guests with food fads were expected. So asking Mr. Taimur to come and look after me, she disappeared for a while. Being old acquaintances, Mr. Taimur and I chatted about the Mizo insurgency, the likelihood of student terrorism in Assam, reasons behind the North-Eastern upheaval, and the repurcussions this could cause with Bangladesh. I couldn't resist asking if he advised his wife. With a beaming smile he countered, "You must have heard the local proverb: The domestic cow always finds the grass beyond the bamboo fence more inviting!" But he added that at least she knew he had no ulterior motive in trying to help her.

Mrs. Taimur came back, looking satisfied. **"Besides being very efficient and self-assured, the Assamese women appear comparatively more liberated. And yet, they retain that gentle touch. What gives them this rare combination of feminine qualities? Why are more and more working women losing this?"**

She thought for a while. "You've been to our interior villages. You've seen the tribal women. In this part of the country, women have always taken full part in community life. We've never practised purdah. Women have always been partners in the North-East, not possessions. They are self-confident mainly because they are all earning something." Mrs. Taimur continued: "Our women are very hard working. They grow vegetables, keep ducks and hens; do weaving, then sell this handwoven cloth along with supari, coconuts, bananas and bamboo from their plot of land. There's plenty of water and they keep everything including themselves very clean. These things count. Even though they might be economically independent and relatively secure, they seldom go against their husbands, and avoid conflict even in social life They are usually soft spoken and accommodating, so people find them charming. It is not good to be aggressive. But that is what the modern working woman has become through force of circumstances."

"EITHER WE RESTORE NORMALCY TO ASSAM OR BE PREPARED FOR TERRORISM, WHICH HAS NOT YET BEGUN."

Talking of personal appearance, I found her keen to learn about diet and exercise. When I branched off into yoga, short of an actual demonstration, I found her naively curious about how I'd learnt all this. My amusement made her retort: "Every woman wants to improve her appearance. Exercise also helps to relax the mind and body. Your reaction reminds me of the time Indira Gandhi had come to visit the forward posts after the Chinese aggression in 1962. Mr. Chalia, then C.M. had asked me to look after her. The Assam Congress committee gave a lunch in her honour at Gauhati, and I was horrified to find her insisting that we remove her picture from our office. It was customary to hang the snaps of all the party presidents, I told her. She confided that she didn't like seeing such a bad photo of herself on public display; and promised to give us a really good one So the change was made."

"Do you think the Indian woman would become less exploited and insecure if Hindu "stree dhan" (or dowry) acquired the sanctity that 'maher' enjoys under the Muslim Shariat?"

"Definitely. Muslim law is fairer to women. But now women have been given more protection under various legislations and should learn to exercise their rights."

"What are your views on polygamy and sati?"

She gave me the that now-you're-being-naughty smile. And a sensible answer. "I don't support polygamy because we already have a population problem. It's not practical today. There may be a few happy polygamous families in the villages, but no educated modern girl is going to tolerate it. As for sati, in the context of a medieval Rajput world I suppose it was the only alternative to dishonour or miserable widowhood. But you can't justify it nowadays, with all the employment avenues open to women."

"Mrs. Taimur, there's been a lot of talk about the Pan-Islamic brotherhood encouraging infiltration from Bangladesh. What is the purpose behind destabilising this region?"

"It's difficult to analyse things. At least in India secularism is not a myth, and I would like to point out that a very large number of Hindu refugees have crossed into India because they feel insecure in Bangladesh. Other nations always like to fish in troubled waters. Lots of developments are taking place in Asia today. The superpowers are afraid that India might become a force to reckon with if there is peace and progress in our country. Therefore the border areas are kept disturbed. Preoccupation with internal security, disturbances, and economic problems will keep us from advancing. But who can make the students understand this?"

"What will be the ultimate outcome of the Assam agitation? Is it still a mass movement?"

"There are two possibilities. Either we restore normalcy to this region. Or be prepared for terrorism, which has not yet begun. This became a mass movement because not only in Assam, but throughout the North-East, there has been no collective effort towards progress. Now the ordinary people are fed up. The ultimate outcome won't be good for anybody."

"Then is the anti-foreigner movement unjustified?"

"No. It's justified. I'm glad that the A.A S.U. and the A.A.G.S.P. brought this problem into the open. How can **any** country tolerate so many foreigners settling down without legal sanction? I want this issue to be settled once and for all. But we have to keep constitutional provisions and international pacts in mind all the time. Really speaking it's a national issue between Dacca and New Delhi. Do you really think Dacca will take back all the Bangladeshis who are not really refugees, but infiltrators? Or can we guarantee the security of the one million Hindus still living in Bangladesh? Solutions can only be worked out slowly. But the agitation leaders refuse to understand the implications of hasty action."

Suddenly, the lights went out. Was this symbolic, I wondered. The C.M. promptly produced a flashlight from her handbag, and held it so that I could continue taking notes. More than her words, this gesture revealed Mrs. Taimur's efficiency and commonsense. She doesn't panic easily. Perhaps that's why she was chosen to restore normalcy to strife torn Assam.

1

2

The rumble tumble world
of the little ones
is alive again in functional pretty
clothes in a variety of ensembles which
may well form the basis of their
new wardrobe.

Here, LATA AGARWAL and
SNEHLATA LALPURIA of 'Bonnie' boutique
have combined their talents and
created a complete paraphernalia for the
new born upto the age of
twelve — from diapers to party dresses,
vests to rompers and jumpsuits, bibs
and feeders plus bed linen,
sleeping bags and carry-cots—all in easy-care
fabrics — durable and easily washable
which will be a boon
to busy mothers.

Just Kidding... In Style!

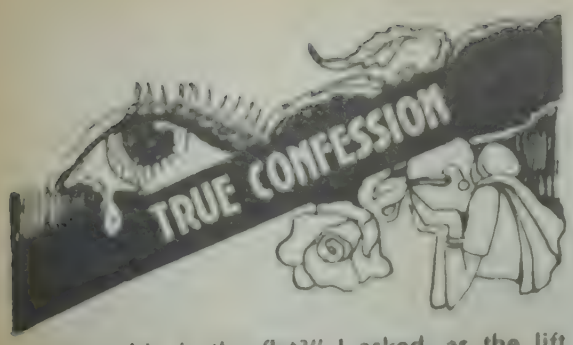
1: Let's play games — smart comfy playtime gear in easy-care styles — gathered, flared and ruffled — trimmed, embroidered and appliqued for party or day-wear.

2: Cute and comfy — a colourful appliqued and embroidered blanket has a nursery design to put the little ones in a gay mood; the other snug and warm in a satin quilted sleeping bag, perked-up with tiny posies and lace trimmings.

3: Cudly duo — the little miss all dressed up in a red Gujarati style saree with a black border edged with white lace; the boy looks equally smart in a traditional 'dhoti kurta' ensemble. Both ready tailored and easy to wear.

4: Tinies in the cot!
Easy style romper with a gay applique has a full front opening which allows easy changing for this active age;
pretty in pink pin-dotted dress with a matching bonnet.
Trimmed with frills and lace edging.

Photographs : Taiyeb Badshah



I WAS THROWN OUT OF MY OWN FLAT

"How big is the flat?" I asked, as the lift shot up. The lawyer who had accompanied me to the building smiled disarmingly again. "For the price you will be paying," he said, "it is a real bargain."

Upstairs on the seventh floor, he opened the door of the apartment with a key and showed me around. Sunlight flooded the room as he raised the balcony blinds. There was a large living room, a bedroom and a kitchen. A lobby led to an alcove which concealed the bathroom. I glanced at the walls where some plaster was peeling off.

"It needs a coat of paint," he said. "The lady who owned it had no desire to get it beautified. The tragic death of her husband left her bereft of desire for worldly things. She's become so detached from life."

"No children?" I asked.

"None."

"Why is she selling the flat?" I asked him.

"She doesn't need it. Loneliness is a scourge. She plans to stay abroad with her sister who is in Singapore."

"Permanently?"

"Yes. She needs someone to buoy up her spirits. You need have no qualms about possession either. She is the bonafide owner." He showed me the papers proving ownership.

"When can I move in?"

"As soon as you pay the money," he replied smoothly. "We must be right and proper about this."

"I've brought the money with me. I understood you wanted it in hard cash?"

"Yes. That way it's easier to take out of the country...it can easily be converted into foreign currency. A cheque presents a lot of problems."

"I understand. But I'd rather give the money directly to the lady."

He smiled painfully to show his disapproval of my mistrust.

"Suit yourself," he said. "Wait here, while I fetch her."

"She will give me a receipt, won't she? At least for part of the amount?"

"How can she? I told you the problems."

"I don't like it. I don't like it at all."

"Suit yourself. But then you won't get the flat."

I thought for a bit. He glanced at my face.

"You'd be a fool to let go," he said. "You won't get a flat like this in Bombay if you wait all your life."

It was true. I had come to Bombay to do business in cloth and had moved heaven and earth during the last eight months to get living accommodation where I could bring my wife. I had been unsuccessful. She had written me impatient letters asking when I would be sending for her. Life with her parents was dull and boring. I was as eager to see her. We had been married a year ago but most of the early months I had been in a whirl of business trips and hence unable to pay her real attention. Every day I scanned the newspapers for advertisements of apartments. The prices were way out of my reach. Whatever was reasonably priced was inconveniently located in the suburbs, miles from my work locale.

Then suddenly Hari, my assistant, came and told me there was a flat to be had for the asking within a ten minute walk from my shop. He knew the lawyer who could arrange a quick sale. It suited me. The price was right too. Just two-and-a-half lakh of rupees for an apartment in the heart of Bombay.

The night he told me, I had a hundred doubts. It seemed too good to be true. Yet thinking about it sanely I decided to go ahead. Hari arranged an appointment for me with the lawyer. So here I was with the cash. He had told me very specifically over the phone to bring the money only in cash. It suited me. I could unload some of my black booty on the deal. Of course I didn't have two-and-a-half-lakhs of it. I had only a lakh-and-a-half. The other lakh I drew from the bank. I had thought I would get a receipt for the white element. Now when the lawyer told me that there would be no receipt at all, I was a trifle scared.

"What are you worried about?" he soothed. "Occupation of a flat is nine-tenths of possession. Once you are in, no one can oust you." He was right. I knew so many people whose houses were under litigation. Tenants were permanent fixtures who refused to move. Cases to get them out had been going on for anything from five to 26 years.

"What's more, you will be paying a monthly rent of Rs. 500 to her. By crossed cheque," explained the lawyer. I was relieved. I shook his hands. "That's fine then," I said. "You can go and fetch her."

She came in 10 minutes later, a grey-haired, middle-aged matronly woman who looked so defeated, my heart went out to her. She told us about her dear husband and wiped her eyes. I gave her the money neatly wrapped. She didn't bother to open it but handed it to the lawyer to do the needful. The fellow retreated to a corner and did the counting.

I asked her in civil tones about her plans, though I knew them already. She told me about her projected pilgrimage and her desire to go and stay with her sister in Singapore. She also told me I would have to pay her a monthly rent of Rs. 500. I asked her how I could pay her the rent when she was settled abroad. She told me to pay it into an account she had in India. She had some dues to clear and she could always use the money when she came to visit relatives in India. It was a fair proposition. She asked me for one year's advance. She needed the money for her pilgrimage. She felt moral qualms about using black money on a religious mission. I had to smile inwardly as I pulled out my cheque book and made out a crossed, account payee cheque for Rs. 6,000.

"Now I trust I can move in?" I asked. She looked briefly at the lawyer who had finished his counting. He nodded. The money is in order," he said. "But you had better wait till this cheque is cashed before taking possession." I felt a moment of anger, but fought it. I could not have got a flat in central Bombay for this amount. Market values ranged between Rs. 6 lakhs to Rs. 11 lakhs. And there were people with that kind of money ready to buy. It was amazing Yet they called India a poor country. I was lucky to be getting a flat at all.

The day the cheque was credited to her account, the lawyer visited my office with the key. I took it with a smile. He shook me warmly by the hand and wished me every happiness in my new haven.

That very day, I phoned an interior decorator to do up the place. I wanted to give the apartment a face-lift before my wife joined me. The work took eight days and during the time, I roughed it out, staying in the flat amidst the tins of paint, ladders and wood-shavings so as not to give anybody a chance to dislodge me. When the place looked liveable, I went out and got curtains

and furniture. I called plumbers and got tiles and a new commode put in the bathroom. At the end of the operation, the place looked out of this world.

I surveyed it. All it needed to round it off, was an air-conditioner. I went and made part payment on one and asked them to send the men to do up the wiring. Then I sat down and wrote a telegram to my wife welcoming her to Bombay. The flat was awaiting her. She wired back that she was coming over the next day. I bought flowers in anticipation and had a servant arrange them in vases.

My enthusiasm was premature. A few hours before my wife was due to arrive, there was a knock on the door. A man walked in and stopped short in surprise when he saw me.

"Who are you?" he asked.

I told him I was the new owner. He seemed amazed.

"But how can a flat be sold without the knowledge of the society?" he asked. I didn't understand the problem. I asked him who he was. He told me he was the secretary of the housing society. Permission was required to sell the flat..

"Besides," he explained. "The flat is subjudice. No transactions can take place during this time. Don't you know?"

"I don't understand a word you're saying" I said. "I would be grateful if you leave. I tell you I've bought the flat. Otherwise, would I spend so much on doing it up?" He glanced round the flat and shrugged his shoulders.

"That is your problem," he said. "I only explained the legal position to you."

"I am not interested in the legal position. I am in occupation. Now will you please go? My wife is due to arrive. I have to go to the airport to fetch her and I don't want you here souring up her reception." He took the snub and retreated.

At the airport I wasn't able to give as enthusiastic a welcome to Sanam as I hoped. Some worry made me silent and introspective. She chattered on during the ride home. Then suddenly sensing my inattention, asked me what was wrong. I told her it was nothing.

She was delighted by my choice of colour and drapes, the furnishings and fittings. My effort seemed worthwhile. It was an ecstatic reunion and it was past two before we slept. The next morning I had to rise early to go to work. Sanam was still asleep. I didn't want to wake her. The servant rustled up a steaming hot breakfast and I left by eight-thirty.

In the middle of the morning my telephone rang. It was Sanam and she seemed agitated.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"There are some people here," she said. "They are asking me to leave so that they can lock up the flat."

"You'll do no such thing," I said sternly. "Hold tight, till I get there. I'll tackle it."

There was a crowd of men in the flat when I arrived. They looked like plainclothes law-enforcers. Their muscles rippled as they confronted me. I wondered if they were hired goondas. I had heard there was a place in Bombay where you could phone and get hired hoodlums if you wanted them, who wouldn't hesitate to kill, provided they got enough money for it.

"What do you want?" I challenged.

"You have to vacate the flat," said a tough man who looked like their leader.

"I'm going to do no such thing. How dare you barge in here? The flat belongs to me and I intend to keep it."

"We don't want to use force, unless you make it imperative." He caught me by the collar. My wife screamed and clawed at his face while two men tried to keep her at bay.

"Leave us alone," I said sternly. "I've paid good money for the flat."

"The flat is in the custody of the court. There is a case going on over it. It can't be sold while the case is in progress. You're lying."

I pointed round the flat at the changes I had made. "Would I have spent Rs. 40.000 on it if I hadn't bought it?" I yelled. "Do you know how it was before? A shit hole. I made it a haven of luxury."

He glanced round the hall speculatively. Meanwhile the secretary of the housing society nosed his way in, curious at the commotion. "You can ask him," I challenged. "He saw the flat before I did it up. . . when the lady lived here."

"Yes," said the secretary. "This man has certainly spent a lot of money on it."

"I believe you," said the tough man. "If you show us the receipt for the sale, we can institute proceedings against the lady-owner for contempt of court. How dare she sell when the case is sub-judice?'

"Look," I said. "I don't follow all these legal terms but I can vouch I paid money for it. The lady will tell you. Her lawyer was present too. They didn't give me any receipt for it."

The next minute, the men were upon me. I felt stars of pain erupt in front of my eyes, was conscious of Sanam fainting. I tried to reach her but the pain hit me between the eyes again and I flaked out.

"WE DON'T WANT TO USE FORCE, UNLESS YOU MAKE IT IMPERATIVE." HE CAUGHT ME BY THE COLLAR. MY WIFE SCREAMED AND CLAWED AT HIS FACE WHILE TWO MEN TRIED TO KEEP HER AT BAY

When I came to, I was lying outside the door of the flat in the passage. Sanam was pressing a wet handkerchief on my forehead. I sat up and felt a stab of pain. I groaned.

"They've locked up the flat," she said. "I could only extricate a few of your clothes and mine. Let's go to a hotel."

The first thing I did when I got there was ring up the office and yell for Hari to come down at once. I was going to give him the works for ever recommending this deal. He blubbered and told me he had no knowledge of anything underhand. The lawyer had seemed a nice fellow. I shouted something unprintable and told him he was fired.

When he had gone, I rang up the number the lawyer had given me. A voice asked me who I was. When I revealed my identity, they told me he was out.

The next day, I tracked down his address through the telephone directory and took a ride to his hideout. Sanam warned me to be careful. The poor thing was frightened out of her wits.

They still insisted he was out. I said I would wait for him. Presently the inner door opened and he came into the lobby. I must have looked terrible with my black eye and the sticking plaster on my bruises He baulked at my appearance.

"I demand my money back," I shouted.

"What money?" he asked.

"The two lakhs-and-a-half, plus six thousand advance rent, plus the amount of forty thousand spent on furnishing and painting."

"I don't know what you're yelling about," he said. "I don't have any recollection of two-and-a-half lakhs. What was it for? And as for the forty thousand, who asked you to spend any money on a flat that didn't belong to you?"

I was enraged. "Where is the lady? I demand to see her."

Continued on page 47

OVER 50 GORGEOUS COLOURS

in 100% Polyester American Georgette

Ideal for exclusive embroidery **RADHIKA®** FABRICS

Welcome To A Buffet !

"The secret of successful cooking is that the food should not only taste good but also look good," comments our hostess SHEILA DASWANI. She takes pride in presenting a tableful of well laid out dishes which have been simplified for the busy housewife.

Sheila's creative perfection doesn't end with cooking. She is the woman behind 'Silvermine' — a silver jewellery boutique at the Oberoi Towers — designing, executing and supervising the entire set-up. She is also an active member of various women's organisations.

Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

KHEEMA METHI

1	kg mutton, minced
½	kg fresh fenugreek, or 200 grams dry fenugreek seeds, soaked
¼	kg onions, sliced
20	grams cummin, ground
15	grams coriander, ground
15	grams ginger, ground
10	grams garlic, ground
¼	kg curds
¼	kg green peas
25	grams Kashmiri chillis
20	grams red chillis
10	grams turmeric
25	grams coriander leaves

250 grams ghee
Salt to taste
15 grams garam masala

In a dekchi put the mince, cummin, coriander, garlic and the sliced onions. Add the sufficient water and cook over medium flame. Add the turmeric and salt. Cook for forty-five minutes. Add the garam masala. Cover and keep till all the water evaporates. Then add the ghee and fenugreek. Keep mixing for about ten minutes. Then add the curds. Add both the red chillis. Mix till completely dry. Serve with nan or chappati.

CHICKEN IRANI

1 chicken
¼ kg tomatoes, chopped
¼ kg onions, ground
20 grams ginger-garlic, ground
100 grams oil
10 grams Kashmiri chillis, ground
2 eggs, beaten
120 grams cream
15 grams coriander leaves, chopped
60 grams butter
2 pieces cinnamon
2 bay leaves

Cut the chicken in large pieces. Heat the oil and add the cinnamon and bay leaves. Then add the tomatoes, ginger, garlic, onion and the coriander leaves. Keep stirring. Add the Kashmiri chillis, mix for five to ten minutes. Add the chicken pieces and cook for fifteen to twenty minutes. Mix occasionally. Add the sufficient water. Cover and cook till the chicken is tender. Add a little water slowly. Add the beaten eggs briskly. Mix for five to ten minutes. Add the butter. Finally add the cream and remove from the fire. Garnish with coriander leaves.

MUKUND WARI MATTAR

100 grams mung dal, soaked
100 grams onions, chopped
20 grams green chillis, chopped
¼ tsp. soda bicarb
20 grams coriander leaves, chopped
10 grams ginger-garlic, ground
Salt to taste

FOR THE GRAVY:

50 grams curds
10 grams Kashmiri chillis, ground
50 grams cream
½ kg fresh peas
10 grams ginger-garlic, ground
10 grams char magaz and cashewnuts
¼ kg ghee
10 grams coriander leaves
¼ kg onions, ground

Grind the dal. Add the chopped onion, green chillis, coriander leaves, ginger-garlic, soda and salt. Mix well. Heat the ghee. Form into small balls and fry till brown. Remove and keep aside.

FOR THE GRAVY:

In a dekchi add the onion, ginger-garlic, curds, Kashmiri chillis cashewnuts and the char magaz. Add the ghee. Put on fire and mix for five to ten minutes. Add the boiled peas. Mix for five to six minutes. Add the waris and a little water. After three to four minutes add the cream. Remove. Serve garnished with coriander leaves.

SOUFFLE TOASTIES

1 pomfret
2 eggs, separated
½ lime juice
Salt & white pepper to taste
6 bread slices, cut into triangles

Boil the fish. Flake and add to the seasoning, egg yolks and lime juice. Mix well. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Spread on toasted bread triangles and grill for ten minutes. Serve with a piquant sauce.

CHEESE PARATHA

120 grams cheese, grated
½ onions, cut finely
2 green chillis, chopped
½ tomatoes, chopped
1 tsp. butter
A few coriander leaves, chopped
Salt and white pepper to taste
Required quantity of rolled out chappatis

Mix the grated cheese, onions green chillis, tomatoes, butter coriander leaves and the white pepper. But this filling in between two rolled out chappatis Seal the edges. Fry on tava till crisp. Serve hot.

MASALA RICE

2 cups rice
2 tomatoes, chopped
4 green chillis, chopped
4 cloves garlic, flaked
4 spring onions, chopped
A little celery, chopped
2-4 tbsps. soya bean sauce

Boil the rice. Heat the oil. Add the garlic, green chillis, spring onions and celery. Mix well. Add the finely chopped tomatoes. After five minutes add the boiled rice and the soya bean sauce. Mix thoroughly and serve hot.

FISH SALAD

2 cups fish, boiled, mashed (any white flesh fish)
1½ juice lemon
2 tsps. mustard powder
Seasoning to taste
1 onion, chopped fine
2 green chillis, chopped fine
½ cup mayonnaise
A few coriander leaves

Mix all the above ingredients Form into a shape of a fish. Cover the fish completely with the extra mayonnaise. Decorate the top and the sides with boiled carrots, beans, peas and salad leaves. Serve cold.

SURPRISE PUDDING

1 pint milk
3 eggs, separated
3 tbsps. sugar
4-5 tsps. gelatine
Vanilla essence
2 tbsps. cherries, chopped
2 tbsps. nuts, chopped
2 tbsps. macaroons, crumbled
¼ pint cream

Heat the milk. Beat the yolks and sugar together with a beater until creamy. Add the milk and return to the fire. Cook until thick. Remove and leave to cool. Add the dissolved gelatine, the vanilla and the stiffly beaten egg whites. Leave to cool in the fridge and when thick or halfway to set, add the cherries, nuts and the macaroon crumbs. Add the whipped cream. Pour in a mould and leave in the fridge till well set. Decorate the top with cherries, macaroons and the remaining nuts.

VEGETABLE PUDDING

R. AMRUTH, Madras.

Mrs. Amruth wins Rs. 100/- for this month's best recipe plus a non-stick coated Tava from Trupti Industries and a gift hamper from Weikfield.

SWEET POT DELIGHT

FOR THE SWEET POT:

250 grams sweet potatoes
½ loaf bread
2 eggs
3 tbsps. butter
½ cup sugar
1 tbsp. walnuts
1 tbsp. tutti frutti
1 tbsp. chironji
1 tbsp. cherries
½ cup milk
A few drops vanilla essense
A pinch soda bicarb and flour for dusting

FOR THE CHOCOLATE SAUCE:

1 cup milk
1 tbsp. corn flour
1 tbsp. butter
2 tbsps. cocoa powder
2 tbsps. sugar

Remove the crust from the bread and soak the bread in milk and form into a pulp. Boil the sweet potatoes and mash it into a smooth paste. Remove the fibres. Cream the butter and sugar. Add the eggs and beat well. Add essence, colour and soda bicarb Blend well. Add the chopped nuts, other ingredients and the mashed potatoes. Mix well. Lastly add the bread pulp. Grease the pudding mould or a cake tin. Dust with flour. Pour the mixture in it.

Bake in a preheated slow oven for one hour or till done. Remove and serve with the chocolate sauce.

TO MAKE THE SAUCE

Blend the cornflour with milk Add the remaining ingredients to the cornflour mixture. Cook on a slow fire until thick.

Mrs. Manjula Desai, Ahmedabad.

TRIO PUDDING

500 grams carrots
500 grams gourd
200 grams sugar
50 grams custard powder
10 cherries
4 tsps. ghee
2 tsps. pistachios, grated
2 tsps. almonds, grated (optional)
½ litre milk
A few drops vanilla essence

Peel, wash and grate the carrots and the gourd. Heat half of the ghee in a pan. Add the grated carrot. Heat on slow fire and stir well. When tender, add fifty grams of sugar and heat till the water evaporates. Remove from the fire and cool. In the same way prepare the gourd.

Mix the custard in half cup of milk. Heat the remaining milk and add the balance sugar. Bring to boil. When it boils add the custard mixture. Stir well. When thick, remove from the fire and add the vanilla essence. Cool.

Smear little ghee in the jelly bowl. Spread one third quantity of the custard. Make one layer of the carrots. Again spread one third quantity of the custard. Make another layer of gourd over the custard and finally spread the remaining custard thus there will be three layers of custard. Chill in a fridge till well set. Decorate with almonds and pistachios before serving.

Mrs. Laura Fernandes, Goa.

WHITE PUMPKIN PUDDING WITH SEMOLINA

¼ kg white pumpkin
1¼ pint milk
150 grams semolina
¼ tsp. baking powder
3 eggs
6 tbsps. sugar
2 cardamoms, powdered
Sprinkle of groundnuts
Salt to taste

Wash and grate the pumpkin. Put it in a dish. Add the semolina, baking powder and milk to it. Blend well and keep it aside for ten minutes. Beat the eggs and add four tablespoons of sugar, cardamom powder and salt. Stir well. Add this to the pumpkin mixture in the dish and blend well. Out of the remaining two tablespoons of sugar make syrup in a separate vessel and allow it to cool. After the syrup has cooled pour the above mixture into this vessel and sprinkle with nuts. Bake in the oven until done

Mrs. Juliana Almeida, Bangalore.

POTATO PUDDING

1 cup potatoes, grated
1 cup carrots, grated
1 cup sugar
2 cups flour, sieved
1½ cups raisins, chopped
½ cup jaggery syrup
½ cup cashewnuts, chopped
4 tbsps. double refine oil
1 tsp. vanilla essence
1 tsp. cinnamon, powdered
½ tsp. cloves, powdered
½ tsp. nutmeg powdered
½ tsp. salt

FOR THE SAUCE:

1 pint milk
1 cup sugar
4 tbsps. custard powder

Cream the sugar and oil till the sugar is dissolved. Mix in the rest of the ingredients, stir well till everything is well mixed. Pour into a pudding mould and cover the dish lightly. Steam for two hours. Unmould when cool and serve with the custard sauce.

FOR THE SAUCE:

Mix to a smooth paste, the custard powder and a little milk. Boil the remaining milk and sugar. Remove from the fire and gradually pour the custard paste into the boiling milk, stirring constantly to avoid any lump formation. Return to the fire. Stir for one or two minutes. Serve when cool.

SEPHALI GANGULI, Calcutta.

Mrs. Ganguli wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a set of 3 Thumb-Press Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 4 plate Steam-thru from Meera Metal Industries, Bombay.

PUMPKIN RASMALAI

300 grams red pumpkin
2 cups sugar
1 kg milk
2 strands china grass
4 tbsps. semolina (soaked for 2 hours)
½ coconut, finely grated
½ tsp. cardamom powder
A few drops rose water
Oil for frying

Skin and boil the pumpkin till soft. Strain. Mash and keep aside.

Boil the milk for ten minutes. Put the china grass and two cups of sugar in it. Keep stirring till the milk is slightly thick. Remove from the fire In a bowl put all the mashed pumpkin together with grated coconut, soaked semolina and cardamom powder. Mix well and form into small balls. Deep fry till golden brown. In a serving bowl, put all the pumpkin balls and pour the slightly thick milk over it. Sprinkle rose water. Keep in the refrigerator for about one and half hours. Decorate with silver foil. Serve as a sweet dish.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photo graph of herself to be published along with her recipe

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

Hello Summer

Warm lazy days ahead. Days of Kissan Squash. When heaven is a piece of ice tinkling in a tall glass of Kissan Orange Squash. Sip it slowly. Feel the tingling refreshing energy that comes straight from sun kissed orange orchards. Taste the juice that plump, just-ripe oranges gave to it. Now is the time to pamper your thirst and give back the bounce that summer takes away from your day

Kissan squashes come in all your favourite fruit flavours. They are pre-blended concentrates that need no further sweetening. Just add water to give your guests and your family a refreshing treat. Anytime is Kissan time. Welcome back summer with Kissan squash

Kissan

Squash

The Kissan range
Squashes: Lemon, Lime, Orange, Lemon barley water
Crushes: Grape, Pineapple, Orange

THE LITTLE WOMAN
by Don Tobin
NOW SLAM THE DOOR-
ARE YOU CRAZY?
DO YOU REALLY THINK I'D DO SOMETHING SO STUPID?
THAT'S THE DUMBEST WAY TO PULL A TOOTH I EVER HEARD OF!
I'M HAVING NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!!
SLAM
SO DON'T ASK ME!
©1980 King Features Syndicate, Inc. World rights reserved.
9-21

A man walked up to another and said, "George what happened to you? You used to be short. Now you're tall. You used to be blonde and have blue eyes, now you're dark and have black eyes."

The man started and said, "What are you, nuts or something? My name isn't George."

"Good God," said the other "You've even changed your name."

• • •

Opportunist: A man who, while in hot water, decides he might as well have a bath.

• • •

If you want to quit smoking, start work in a dynamite factory.

• • •

Father (looking over son's school report): "There's one thing in your favour. With such marks as these, you couldn't possibly have been cheating."

• • •

Mother (a teacher): "The best way to make a word yours is to repeat it three times."

Girl (ecstatically): "Harry, Harry, Harry."

• • •

Father: "How did you puncture the tyre of my cycle?"

Son: "I ran over a milk bottle."

Father: "Didn't you see it?"

Son: "How could I? The kid was hiding it in his pocket."

• • •

Customer: "Have you a book called, 'Man, the Master of Women'?"

Salesgirl: "The fiction department, sir, is on the other side."

• • •

"What made you marry daddy, Mummy?"

"My God! So you're beginning to wonder too."

• • •

Mrs. De Style (at mannequin's display of gowns): "Which do you like best, Robert?"

Husband: "I prefer the tall brunette—er—that is, I mean the pink chiffon, my dear."

• • •

"Last night, I questioned my husband for hours about where he'd been."

"What did you get out of him?"

"A beautiful new dinner gown."

• • •

"What's the matter, Anil. You look thin and run down."

"My wife's on a diet."

"I suppose you carry a memento of some sort in that locket of yours."

"Yes, it's a lock of my husband's hair."

"But your husband is still alive."

"Yes, but his hair has gone."

• • •

"Strange that Alice should invite that horrid grass-widow to her wedding. She has such a disagreeable past."

"Yes, my dear, but she's rich enough to furnish a very agreeable present."

• • •

Husband: "The bank has returned that cheque."

Wife: "Splendid. What can we buy with it this time?"

• • •

Here lies the body of Old Jim Lake,

Tread softly, all who pass.

He thought his foot was on the brake,

But it was — on the gas.

Compiled by George Fegradoe

THE PROPHET

Subhash Chandra

NOBODY knew exactly when he had come and settled under the **peepul** tree with his ragged quilt, broken tin trunk, soiled mattress, staff and mug: he had been a part of the neighbourhood for years now. Nobody knew what his religion or name was, for though he had a long, flowing grey beard, with a streak of black, to make him look like a **maulavi**, he offered no **namaaz**, and though he took his bath early in the morning every day, at the **mohalla** well, he had no tuft on his head, nor did he ever go to a temple. He was christened Fakira, because he looked a beggar. No one cared to know his real name.

There were several rumours afloat about his past, to begin with. For some time it was believed that he was a rich landlord who had given away his wealth and property after some tragedy befell his family. This rumour was founded on the graceful bearing he had in spite of his shabby appearance. Then he had been taken for a fugitive from law, who had committed some crime, probably a murder. But gradually, all rumours were stifled and finally discarded and with the passage of time, he became something of a social worker, **hakim** and prophet. He was touchingly selfless, always anxious to be of service to anyone, Hindu or Muslim (both communities inhabited the **mohalla**) in whatever way he possibly could. If someone fell ill, he would sit with the patient and keep vigil through the night. He also knew some home-made herbal remedies which he prescribed if someone asked for it. If nothing else worked, he would keep his hand on the patient's head and mumble his prayers silently, nobody knew to which God. In certain cases, patients given up for lost, recovered after his prayers. When people expressed their gratitude to him for the miraculous cure, he would humbly say: "It's all Allah's doing," if the family was Muslim, and "Lord Rama be praised for the cure," if the patient was Hindu.

Sometimes, he was offered money for curing patients, which he politely declined. The fruits and sweets he got, he distributed among children. Occasionally he held a feast for children when he received a large supply of sweets and fruits. The children sat in a semi-circle — Hindu and Muslim children mingling with one another, sometimes even eating from the same vessel. Interestingly, even the devout Hindu parents did not object to this, nor did the intensely religious Muslims.

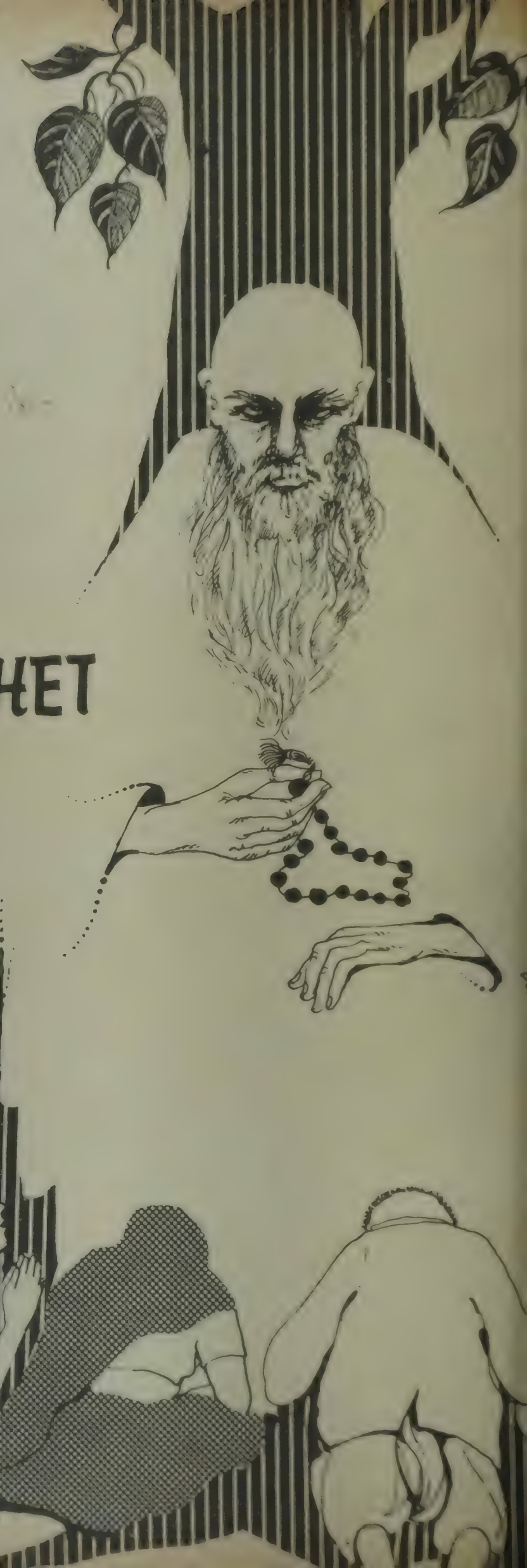
Fakira was a particular favourite with women in the **mohalla.** When the men went away to work, he would help an old woman fetch water from the well, buy groceries for an ailing housewife, or bring someone's children from school in the afternoon.

One summer evening, Fakira felt cold, shivered and was down with high fever. For some time, he lay moaning from pains all over his body, then he felt restless and tried to sit up. But he felt giddy and fell back. He again tried to lift himself up for a sip of water from the mug, but his unsteady hand tipped the mug and spilled the water. Just then Beni Prasad passed by, on his way back home from work "Fakira, what is the matter with you? Oh God, you are burning with fever!" he said, feeling Fakira's forehead.

The word spread fast and people came rushing to Fakira's help. A mug of hot tea was given to him and then someone brought the doctor." It seems to be malarial fever," said the doctor after examining him, and prescribed the required medicine. "But someone will have to look after him constantly."

"Oh, yes, we will," rose many voices in chorus.

Beni Prasad, whom Fakira had nursed through his long typhoid,



insisted on taking him to his house, but Fakira refused. Rahemtulla, whose son was saved from the jaws of death by Fakira's prayers and blessings, was equally vehement in his decision to take Fakira home. "I'll not go to anybody's house. I have lived under this **peepul** tree for years now; this is my home. If I am to die, I would like it to be in my home," Fakira said.

The residents of the **mohalla** took turns at nursing Fakira. In the day, women looked after him and at night men kept vigil by turns. Hindus prayed and so did the Muslims for Fakira's recovery. Their unstinted efforts and fervent prayers did bear fruit. Fakira got well, but felt considerably weak. Now he easily got exhausted and could not undertake strenuous job for people. But people were happy that he had recovered, and nobody let him do heavy, manual work.

And then life took a nasty turn in the **mohalla.** Aligarh was burning in the communal fire; the death toll was rising every day in spite of the curfew that had been clamped down. A few cinders wafted over to Meerut also and the two communities were up in arms against each other. Violent clashes took place all over the city. Many got injured and a few lost their lives. Meerut was burning, but the **mohalla** remained calm. However, not for long. The atmosphere began to get tense and charged. Beni Prasad reeled out figures of Hindu deaths which incensed his listeners. Rahemtulla informed the Muslims about the Muslim casualties which put them in a rage. Both communities which had hitherto lived peacefully, even with a lot of affection for each other, gradually worked themselves up into frenzied anger and hatred. Men turned into ferocious animals, about to tear each other's entrails.

Aligarh was burning in the communal fire. Fakira was shocked and heart-broken — was man basically a brute? Was his goodness and affection only a superficial veneer, which peeled off at the slightest provocation?

Fakira was shocked, hurt and heart-broken. He went round with a woebegone face, his eyes sad and moist. He tried to talk Beni Prasad and Rahemtulla out of their madness, but they had lost their reason. It appeared to Fakira that that night was going to be catastrophic. The simmering hatred was going to leap into flames of fire which would devour many. Fagged out from his efforts to pacify the rivals — he was still weak — he went and sat under the tree, thinking hard of some measure to avert the looming danger. He knew that once the frenzy was over, both the groups would grow penitent, both would beat their breasts for the losses of relatives and property. But now the devil seemed to have taken hold of them and it was well-nigh impossible to restrain them.

As darkness fell, his heart sank deeper into gloom and despair. Was man basically a brute? Was his goodness and affection only a superficial veneer, which peeled off at the slightest provocation? This could not be true, or else the world would have come to an ignominious end long ago! The cruelty in man was an aberration. Man was made in God's image — and God is compassionate and merciful. You should be able to stir man's finer instincts which now and then get warped by baser passions. And this thought gave him hope and courage. He sat up, alert and determined on some course to prevent the carnage.

His dinner was brought to him, but he refused it. That night he did not sleep; he kept a watch over the evil spirit of hatred that was stalking the neighbourhood. At about midnight, he heard a piercing cry of **"A-l-l-a-a-h ho Akbar"** from the southern end of the **mohalla,** where the Muslims lived in a cluster of houses. The challenge was instantly greeted by **"Jo bole-e-e Vir Bajrangi-i-i-i, Har Har Mahade-e-e-v,"** from the northern side. He stood up with alacrity, as if he had received an electric shock and then suddenly ran towards the Muslim group, who were armed with all sorts of weapons, and shouted in a quavering, voice "O brutes, kill me ... kill me. I am a Hindu, yes I am. It is a truth I am disclosing to you today. You want to kill Hindus, then better start with me . . ." He stared at them with bloodshot eyes and then ran to Rahemtulla, their leader and implored, "Why don't you run your spear into me and kill me?" But Rahemtulla had hung his head in shame. Nobody dared to move from his place. The very thought was impious. Fakira was a man of God, he was a prophet, their benefactor. They stood petrified.

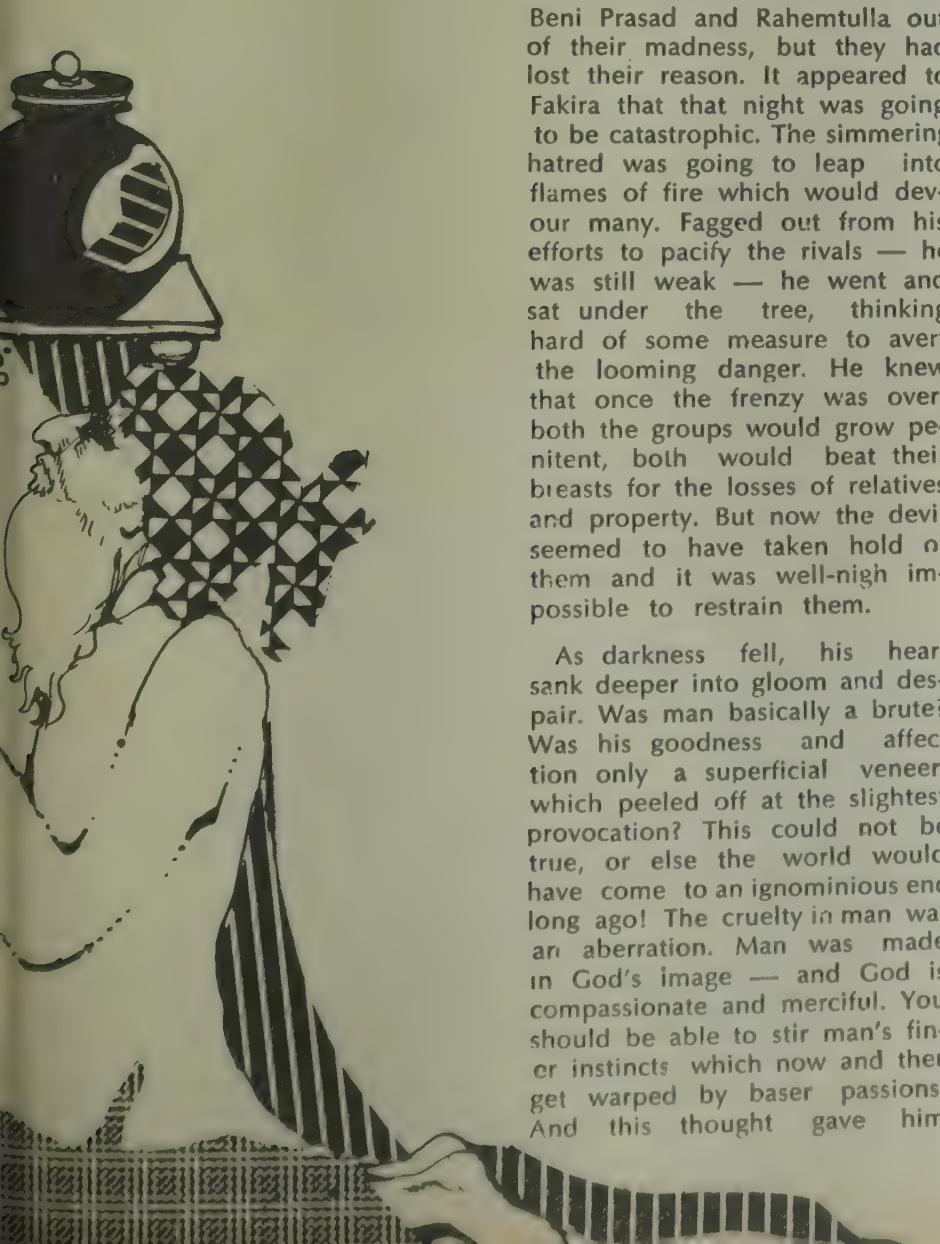
And then Fakira went rushing to the other group and yelled at Beni Prasad and his armed followers. "I offer myself to your thirsty swords because I am a Muslim. Please tear me into pieces, trample upon me and you will have taken your revenge on the Muslims!" All of them looked aghast. Even if Fakira was a Muslim, they would never him. He had toiled for them, prayed for them and blessed them. How could they think of killing him? No, the gods above would rain fire and brimstone at them for such a heinous thought. And they retreated, shamefaced and gradually went back to their respective houses. The Muslims did the same.

The calamity had been averted, human lives had been saved, but the strain on the emaciated Fakira proved too much and he took to bed, never to rise again. He lay under the tree, limp, dizzy and exhausted. In about four days, life returned to normal in the city. Both the groups were grateful to Fakira for saving them from madness. They assiduously tried to persuade him to get treatment from the doctor they brought, but he persistently refused. "No, my sons my time has come and I have to go now. It is no use taking medicines."

On the tenth day Fakira died a peaceful, fruitful death. the sort of death the prophets die. Before his last moments, almost everyone in the **mohalla,** including women and children. stood around him. Some women broke down and sobbed audibly, while many men's eyes were moist. They stood dumbstruck, helpless to do anything for the man who had done so much for them. Beni Prasad moved forward, went close to Fakira and asked, "Can we do nothing for you?"

Fakira looked at him compassionately, "Yes, you can." He beckoned to Rahemtulla. Addressing them both he said, "My sons, I will be no more with you, but make me a promise that you will live like brothers. Whenever your hearts are in danger of being filled with hatred and violence, you will remember your word of honour given to me now, and will not break the bond of love between you." He paused, looked towards the sky then looked at them all and blessed them. "May you all live long .... and may you all be for ever happy!" Slowly his eyes closed and his head rolled over to one side.

Hindus cremated him and gave the remains to the Muslims who buried them under the **peepul** tree and raised a **mazaar** (tomb) over them. Every year, on the day Fakira died, both Hindus and Muslims decorate his **mazaar** and renew their pledge given to him. Communal riots in Aligarh, or Jamshedpur, and elsewhere in the country continue to flare up but they do not disturb the peace and affection that reign over the **mohalla.** It remains unscarred from the flames of communal frenzy till this day.



Let's make the city beautiful. Start with your home.

Beginning with a few major cities we intend reproducing paintings by young and promising artists on our hoardings, walls and buildings—instead of common advertising slogans.

It would help brighten up the city. Encourage a lot of young talent. And give you the opportunity to enjoy good art.

All this we will do with the same paints you use to decorate your home. Garware Paints.

Garware synthetic enamels and acrylic emulsions come in a wide range of colours. From subtle pastels to bright and bold colours which defy the sun and rain. Paints with good spreadability and washability. Colours that last for years...to make your home a thing of beauty; a joy to behold.

Together—you and Garware Paints—we can beautify the city.

Garware Paints

THE MULTI-MEDIA STARS

A. T. Jayanthi

There was a time when films drew largely on the talent that came up through recognition from the stage. Now there appears to be a reversal of the phenomenon where the film artistes get on to the stage and look for great accolades (not forgetting the newest medium in this country which is the T.V. where perhaps a further exploitation of the available talent has not found ready expression).

There is a new theatre awareness being generated by our multimedia stars, like Naseer, Shabana, Kulbhushan, Om Puri who concentrate equally on both fronts, cinema and theatre.

When Amol Palekar made a switchover from stage to cinema he met with discouragement from both media. Amol shrugs, "It didn't bother me then and acceptance of theatre doesn't affect me, too. When I joined films there was this anti-theatre feeling, now we've gone to the other extreme where people feel everybody coming from the theatre is good. Now being associated with theatre has become not only acceptable but fashionable too.

Continued on page 41

NASEERUDDIN SHAH
Photograph: Rakesh Shreshta

SHABANA AZMI
Photograph Girish Shukla

Today your trusted Godrej costs less than other refrigerators.

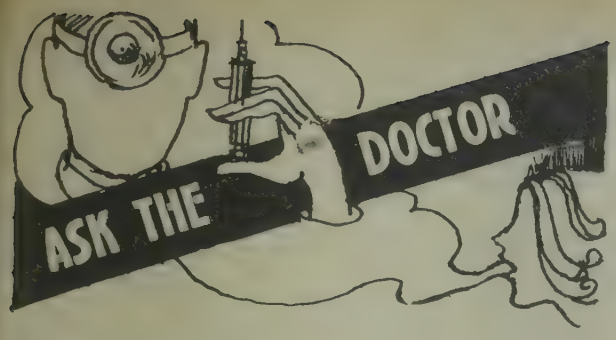
The Godrej refrigerator, with its unique features like the enamelled steel inner walls, ability to withstand wider voltage fluctuations, laminated top, sturdy stand and unsurpassed after-sales service, now costs you less than most other refrigerators—thanks to higher productivity.

We hope to offer you this benefit for as long as it is possible.

So drop in today at your nearest Godrej showroom or dealer. Take a look at the Godrej. It has long-lasting quality built into every feature, making Godrej the best refrigerator money can buy.

Godrej®

Buy now while the buying is good.



By Dr. Kanchan Nadkarni

ROUGH FEET

Q. I am a 25-year-old female. My problem is very rough feet. My toe and heel are very crusty to the touch, and my feet look basically very manly. How can I make them look more feminine?

— Z. A. K. (Bombay)

A. Roughness and crustiness of appearance in feet occur because of the hot, dusty climate of India. There is really no dearth of dust here, and a lot of it stubbornly sticks in the most unlikely places. An additional problem is the Indian habit of wearing chappals as standard female footwear.

Soak your feet in hot water for about 10 minutes. Apply soap, and then scrub the rough dirty surfaces with a pumice stone. Apply glycerine mixed with a little lemon juice to the affected portions at night, and wear socks till the morning. This treatment should get rid of all the superficial chaps within 10 days; and you should notice a significant change. Your feet will look cleaner, softer and more feminine. Try wearing sandals or shoes with a slightly high heel so that the heels of your feet do not come into contact with the ground.

HEIGHT PROBLEM

Q. I am a 19-year-old boy, and had indulged in heavy masturbation for more than eight years until I became aware that it is a harmful practice, and have since refrained. As a result of this, I feel that my height has become stunted. I am only 5 feet tall. I would like to increase my height; exercises have failed. Will any drugs help?

— R. A. (Bombay)

A. There is absolutely nothing to be ashamed of. Masturbation among boys after attaining puberty is a common and normal practice, and in fact serves as an outlet for frustration. It relaxes the body. Indulgence in masturbation has nothing to do with height — the latter is governed by the genes you have inherited from your parents.

You are still within the period when your height can increase suddenly. Until the age of 21, there is some chance that you will put on a few inches. Try doing pull-ups, which stretch the body. However, I warn you that if stunted height runs in your family, there may not be significant improvement in yours.

Dr. Kanchan Nadkarni, who has completed her post-graduation from the renowned All-India Institute of Medical Sciences, New Delhi, currently works as a consultant in the Chemotherapy department of the Tata Memorial (Cancer) Hospital, Bombay. Dr. Nandkarni will answer your queries on medical issues in this column every fortnight. Your questions should be addressed to: Ask The Doctor, c/o Eve's Weekly, and MUST BE accompanied by this coupon, which will appear every fortnight.

MULTI-MEDIA STARS

"There is no basic difference. You've only to be conscious about your projection. Like in theatre you're trying to project to the live audience, in cinema you are projecting to a camera. Acting in films is easier, many things can be conveyed by other factors, but the actor reaps the advantage by the impact of the totality of the scene. There is just one good close-up of the actor and the audience feels that I've done a brilliant piece of acting whereas in theatre you've got to carry in on your own."

Naseeruddin pondered seriously for a moment and then dismissed the subject off with a very reasonable reply. "One does not get the opportunity to play different roles so the artiste in you which needs an outlet seeks another medium where you can express yourself. Cinema and theatre are quite different in technique and both give you a different kind of satisfaction. But it helps an artiste if he belongs to more than one medium. It helps an actor to act both on stage and cinema like it would help a writer to be a poet and a painter. When you are eternally operating and experimenting you tend to cover more ground, discover more about yourself and life and this understanding adds maturity and depth to the artiste's portrayal of any character.

"I don't know if there is a new stage awareness but I do notice that theatre as an art form is gaining recognition as it should. Om Puri, Kulbhushan, Benji, myself, were all from the stage when we drifted into films. It's just that we have tried to maintain a balance and continue to devote time towards theatre too." Naseer's recently directed play was "Panchwan Sawal".

The popular play "Bichoo" which has had more than 30 shows and "Uddhwasta Dharmashala" were directed by Om Puri. Om enjoys being in both fields and says, "Theoretically all arts are complementary. Understanding one medium helps you immensely. Basically to adapt yourself to cinema and theatre you've got to be a good artiste, it hardly makes a difference whether you are enacting to your camera or to the audience."

Shabana has been one of the recent additions to the multi media sector with her scintillating stage performance in "Safed Kundali". Shabana herself sighed ecstatically and decided to cut down on her films and concentrate simultaneously on stage too, a medium she had rejected personally when she became a popular artiste in films. Shabana was always interested in stage and kept in touch with it because of her mother Shaukat Azmi. It was total acceptance of her in "Safed Kundali" (where she was undoubtedly remarkable) that made Shabana sit up and devote time to stage too. She exclaimed, "Never have I been as satisfied with any role that I've performed as I was in 'Safed Kundali'."

Like Kulbhushan explains, "It may be because an artiste on stage gets into the role of the character. One has time to get involved and slowly get into the skin of the role because one finishes it in one go. Cinema is shot at such a long stretch that though it's a challenge it doesn't give you the same satisfaction. Here audience reaction is felt immediately and you can improve according to audience taste in the next show but in cinema the risk is very heavy. In the first place you're not sure of audience reaction and then if it fails to appeal there is nothing one can do about it. You enjoy different kinds of experience. One also gets an opportunity to play a variety of roles and this definitely helps an artiste."

While one would class all the above mentioned artistes under the arty type, a totally commercial film maker like Ramesh Talwar continues to direct powerful plays for the theatre. "Basically, to be in either medium you have to be talented. On stage one has a few more liberties than in films. One finds that in the theatre one can express one's political and social views more freely, without fearing the censors."

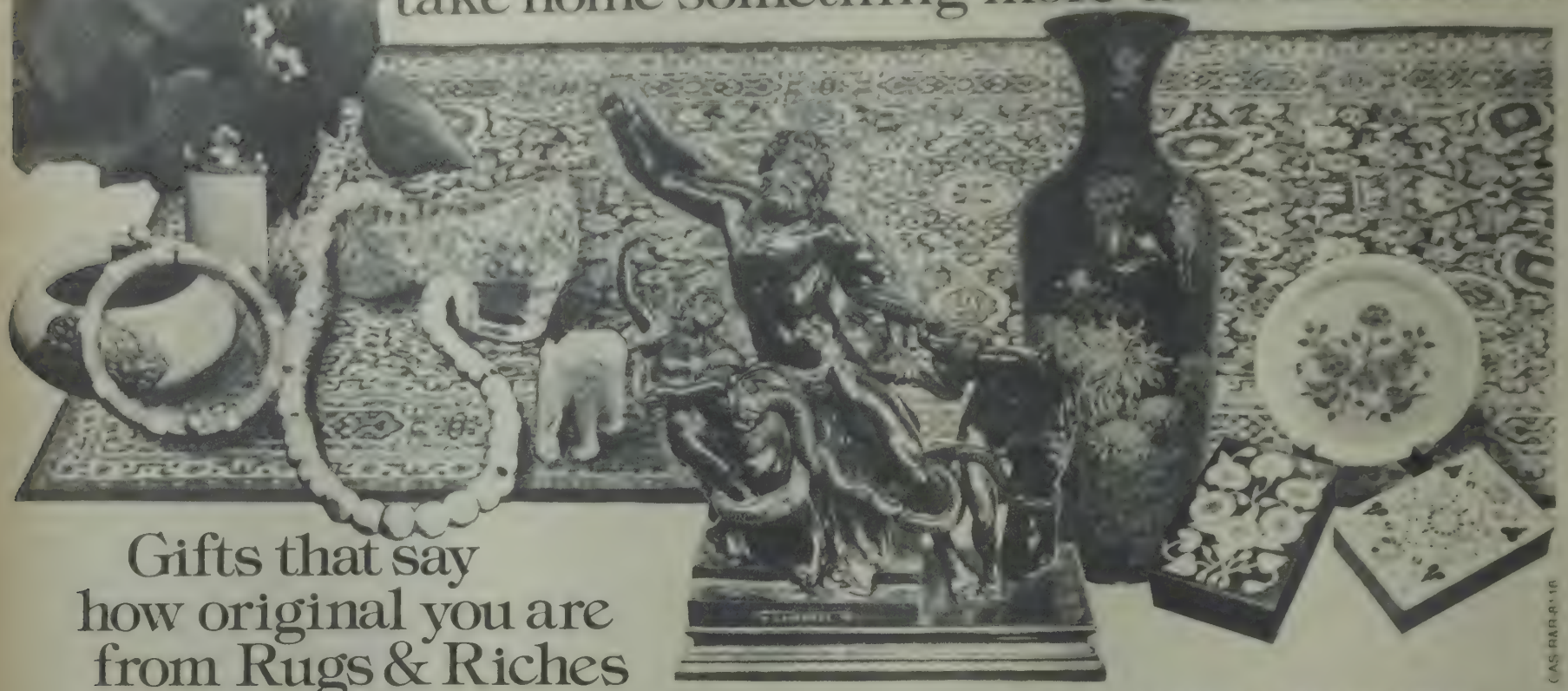
Writer Javed (who specialises in masala film scripts) enjoys dabbling in Urdu poetry which finds its way into various publications.

"A certain side of my personality that is left unused seeks an opening. In my case it was poetry because I found I could express my thoughts and feelings in a better way but it could be any other medium of art. The more you expand or venture into different media, the more understanding you gain.

"If you find an outlet it makes you healthier and more capable to tackle your work unhindered but you should know how to travel in two boats."

Other popular names which are common to both Hindi films and the theatre are A. K. Hangal, Amrish Puri and Smita Patil

Next time you visit Bangalore
take home something more than memories.



Gifts that say
how original you are
from Rugs & Riches

★ *Art objects and Curios* ★ *Textiles from Rajasthan* ★ *North Indian Saris*
★ *Tribal Jewellery* ★ *Leather Goods* ★ *Kashmir Carpets*

RUGS & RICHES
Devatha Plaza, 131, Residency Road.
Bangalore 560 025. Phone 54487

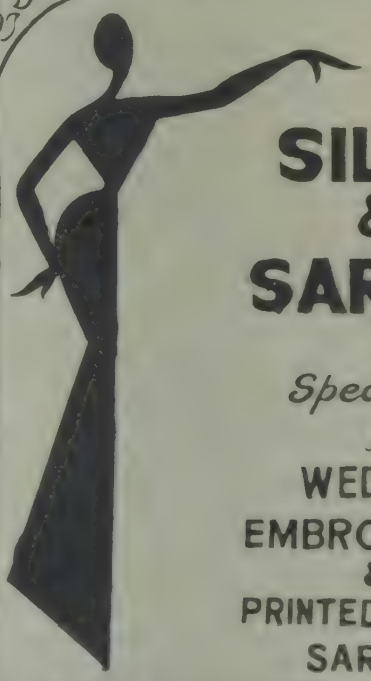
We turn valuables into invaluables

When you think of
GOOD
ALMIRAHS,
OFFICE
AND OTHER
HOUSEHOLD
FURNITURE

REMEMBER

RAJ & RAJ
18 RABINDRA SARANI,(Poddar Court),CALCUTTA 700 001
PHONE:269443
Other Showrooms :
28/3A, Gariahat Road, Calcutta-19
Phone : 469539

Ma 1514



SILKS
&
SAREES
★
Specialist
for
WEDDING
EMBROIDERED
&
PRINTED CHIFFON
SAREES

PHONE : 292346 GRAM : ISHUKISHAN

INDIA EMPORIUM
AIR CONDITIONED
PEARL MANSION, 91-A, QUEENS RD., BOMBAY-20.

MARRIANNE AHRNE

MAKING FILMS

The Eighth International Film Festival of India. The press show of the Swedish film 'Roots of Grief' was in progress when suddenly the roar of a hundred lions seemed to have replaced the dialogue. Everybody was disturbed, but the reaction of the lady sitting next to me seemed to be a bit excessive. She shouted, stamped her feet, struck her forehead, tore off her hair and did generally everything but jump down from the balcony.

Why couldn't she go on reading subtitles like everybody else? There could be only one answer. So when the film stopped and the lights came on, I asked her. "Are you Swedish?"

"I made this film."

"You mean you are the director of this film?" was my shocked reaction.

"Unfortunately," Marrianne Ahrne said.

And then I was told that she was on the jury of the festival too.

At her hotel, I asked her how she came to make this film about

the isolation of a man who has left Argentina for Sweden to escape from police brutality against the demand for human rights. "Well you see, it is a subject that interests me immensely. The man who played the lead in the film (Renzo Casali) was a real immigrant from Argentina. I even showed a play called 'Torture' in the film. That was the very play that caused all this trouble for him. And by the way, the mother, daughter and the granddaughter were the same in real life too."

"In one scene, one of the characters says that there is no violence, no terror in Sweden. But in another scene we see a few youngsters smashing up a telephone booth. Isn't that a bit contradictory?" I ask.

"No, that is a very different kind of violence — nobody is hurt, nobody is harmed. It's more the release of the anger and the frustration than the desire to hurt anybody. If you remember, the youngsters patiently wait outside while the hero is talking and attack the booth only after he comes out."

Sweden is famous for making pornographic films. What is the contribution of such films to the economy of the film industry?

"Well, I think the reputation that we have earned is rather undeserved," she explains. "The number of such films is very small. Sweden makes about 25 films per year. Out of that, there could be a maximum of seven to eight nudies. What is more, they get a very bad release and they are shown in way-out, small theatres. In fact, some other European countries are making porno films on a much bigger scale."

What about the star system?

"There are no stars in Sweden. Of course, actors are public performers and naturally some of them are more popular than others. But there is hardly any difference in their salaries and the big stars don't refuse to appear in small roles." That explains the mystery of Max Von Sydow's two-minute appearance in 'Wild Strawberries' and a few other such incidents.

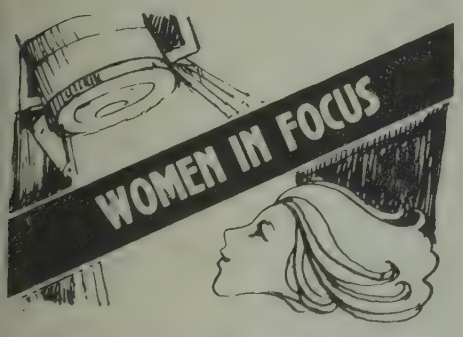
"What is the mode of censorship in Sweden?" I ask.

"There is no censorship on the grounds of sex and nobody has ever heard of political censorship either. The only censorship applies to violence and that too only when it is unjustified, depicted in gory detail and has been put in just for the purpose of exploitation."

Born in 1940 in Lund, Marrianne has gone through many careers — acting and direction on stage, horse training, university professor and film editor. Her first novel, 'Apple Blossom And Ruins' was published in 1980. She has so far made 15 short films and three feature films. Her short films include famous works like 'Divorce In Italy', 'The Abortion Problem In France' and 'A Walk In the Land Of Old Age' with Simone de Beauvoire. Her first feature film, 'Near And Far Away' was a big hit in Sweden.

She wants to make a film in India on the children who perform tricks and acrobatics on the roadside for their daily bread. She got the idea of this film while roaming around in Bombay. "The difference between the rich and the poor is too much in India. It is really shocking," she says.

Raajiv Kumar



PARVATI MENON

KUDOS FOR 'NAANI MA'

The grey haired grandma has captured the hearts of children, with her dare-devil adventures and love of intrigue. Her accomplices — the two grand children, the blundering Raja Gadbadsingh, the villain Lalchi Lal, the trickster Chatur Singh and the magician Bhola — all get together on a fun-filled escapade. The film "Naani Ma" is a gift from the Children's Film Society, proving that entertainment can be wholesome, without being drab. The kudos for "Naani Ma's" succes, goes to Parvati Menon, who has written, directed and produced the film.

The producer-in-charge, at the Children's Film Society, Parvati Menon's interest in films and film making, began when she was playing hookie in college! "In Bangalore, where I studied, there are a number of movie houses which tempt students and not above such temptations, I used to bunk classes to see films. At first, I found them amusing and wrote mild satires on them. Gradually, I began to look at them with a critical eye and found them wanting in quality. This way, my interest was kindled in the finer aspects of film-making and I joined the Poona Film Institute, graduating in script writing and direction. Then came a stint with the Karnataka government, where I made documentaries and then joined the Madras Film Institute as faculty member, and finally in 1972, joined the Children's Film Society. This is where I belong, because I think children in India need films exclusively for them, as the commercial cinema has been their staple diet and that is not proper nutrition for young minds!" says Parvati Menon.

As a member of the jury at the Moscow film festival, in 1977, Parvati got to see children's films from all over the world and on her tours to England and European countries, she made a deep study of the trends and possibilities in film making for children. Comparing our films, to those, she says "I think we are doing well. The financial backing we get and the need for such films have inspired some laudable efforts in this field. I feel that a children's film should bring about family togetherness. I have tried to achieve this in 'Naani Ma' — making the grandmother, a sprightly, fun-loving confidante of the impish youngsters. I was pleasantly surprised to see the picture halls full of youngsters and grandmothers! This has given me ideas and now after having a taste of success I want to make more films for the young. In fact, my head is so full of ideas for them, that I feel like a premature grandma," says Parvati, with youthful enthusiasm.

C. S.

WOMEN AND THE

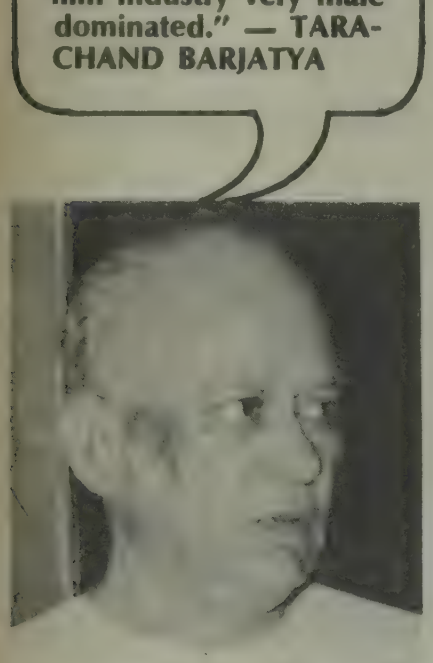
In forming our ideas and perceptions, the media is undoubtedly a powerful agent. What then is its attitude towards women, and what are the job opportunities like for women in this field? DOLLY THAKORE talks to some famous names in the business to find out

Phoolan Devi is a dacoit. She is a woman, and has murdered many men. But in houses in India it is the other way around as 'bahu's' go up in flames, and sati worship is revived.

Yet in modern India, women occupy many of the commanding heights like the prime ministership. Nevertheless, the male chauvinist heel continues to grind the female ego into the dust while singing praises to Durga, Lakshmi and Parvati.

Recently the sati society demonstrated that woman likes to be dominated. And Tarachand Barjatya the don of the film industry, the bastion of all that is traditional, continues to wave the sati Savitri flag, though it is fraying at the edges. Describing himself as a businessman, Sethji wants to make only those films which the lowest common denominator can digest, and that's when the money starts rolling in for Rajshri Films. He is not concerned with the personal lives emotional traumas and adjustments of his actresses, even though their films belie everything they believe in. Sixty percent of all Rajshri Films are women-orientated with no "adult" lure — something for the whole family. His screen women are long suffering sacrificial goats ready to be slaughtered at the behest of men and society. And there are enough males with chips on their shoulders wanting to preserve, perpetuate and promote that picture of women. And so the money comes rolling in. Unhappily, gullible women have swallowed this wholesale and flocked to his films. B. R. Chopra, Raj Kapoor and others of that ilk, rake in the loot by offering titillation. The defiant, independent, extrovert woman reveals a lot of flesh, gyrates like a Ralli-mix, and strikes postures that would make an acrobat dizzy. This kind of woman is almost always unacceptable until she reforms — which is the ending of every Hindi movie.

"Sex, crime and violence have made the film industry very male dominated." — TARACHAND BARJATYA



"Sex, crime and violence have made the film industry very male dominated," claims Barjatya. Yet at the age of 67 he is not averse to crossing many seas to see Padmini Kolhapure in her "scanty-panty" in 'Insaf Ka Tarazu'.

This is not the "committed" cinema. That is left to the Vijay Tendulkars, Shyam Benegals and Govind Nihalanis of the theatre and film world. But their films don't pass the 'U' test. The censors single them out for adult viewing, the government gives them awards and the producer-director remains committed to his creditors and friends.

'Aakrosh' with an 'A' certificate and a Golden Peacock cannot make a 16 mm print which is the only kind of projection facility available in small towns, villages and tribal areas where the film needs to be shown. As if there are no adults in small towns, villages and tribal areas! In the 1930s Sulochana (Ruby Meyers) was the highest paid star. Today, with the advent of sex, violence and crime the male dominates, and commands a higher price.

While there are no women technicians in the film industry, women directors are slowly but surely creeping in. The last two years have seen Sai Paranjpye, Ayesha Sayani and now Aparna Sen entering the directorial fray.

Theatre has taken bolder and bigger strides in its crusade against the exploitation of women. Unlike Barjatya, Vijay Tendulkar wants "to disrupt society by causing an uproar." And he did just that with his plays 'Gidhade' and 'Sakaram Binder'. About the sati Savitri image he says, "An oppressed existence is not a moral existence." Beneath a reserved, calm exterior rages an angry frustration over "the lack of human consideration that men show to women." Of 'Satyam Shivam Sundaram' Tendulkar says, "Raj Kapoor is not an artiste but a competent businessman who presents woman as a sex machine."

"The new wave is sweeping into the theatre and hot blooded women are being portrayed." — VIJAYA MEHTA

The commercial theatre price paid to any artiste — male or female — depends on the demand for an artiste. "And even on tours female artistes are not given any extra consideration and facility." Vijaya Mehta, the well-known and one of the highest paid Marathi stage actress, however says that women are paid marginally more. 'There is certainly no discrimination; our plays depict the typical Indian woman with a few frills. Though the new wave is sweeping in and hot blooded women are being portrayed."

Since women are weak on the technical aspects of theatre, they haven't been all that successful as playwrights and directors. "They are fairly strong in content," says Tendulkar, "but weak on the technical side. This applies to all regardless of sex."

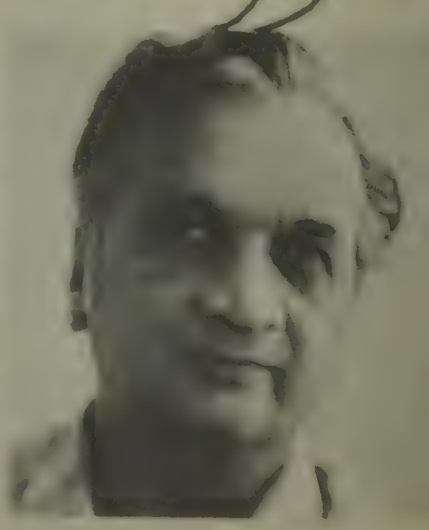
Tendulkar feels: "Men don't do justice to the problems of a woman and her existence. And for most the law of demand and supply is the only consideration."

Kamleshwar, the popular 'Parikrama' presenter, deputy director-general of Doordarshan magazine editor, and screenplay writer of such successes as 'Aandhi' and 'Mausam', is familiar with every arm of communication, and has over the years tried to present a better understanding of women.

While there are no women handling cameras at TV centres, a majority of the producers are women. "We are not opposed to them as cameramen," Kamleshwar says pointedly, "but women haven't created that kind of aptitude yet."

"Television is trying to change the attitudes about women and of women themselves. Every TV

"Men don't do justice to the problems of a woman and her existence." — VIJAY TENDULKAR

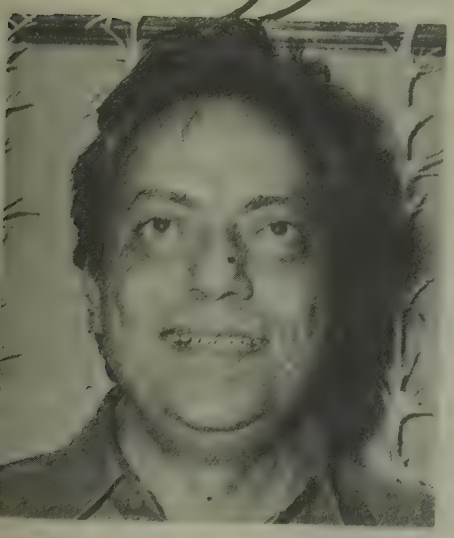


MEDIA

station has a women's programme. Our programmes do deal with subjects like dowry and rape and bride burning but our plays tackle emotional themes. We don't want to create ripples and disturbances. It is too premature to try out daring themes. We direct our energies and attention to things that are more valid like social equality, social justice and emancipation of women. In the cinema, the Indian woman perpetuates the stagnation of values that were in existence centuries ago. And men want to maintain that status quo. On TV the image of women is entirely different.

"We would encourage daring themes in the future, but with a sense of responsibility towards women." Of his popular story that was filmed as 'Mausam' with Sharmila Tagore as the prostitute and Sanjeev Kumar

"We would encourage daring themes in the future but with a sense of responsibility towards women." — KAMLESHWAR



discovered as the father after almost two decades, Kamleshwar says, "Had it been made for television I would have kept my original ending i.e. the girl leaving her father for her old life." In the film they had shown her reforming and going away with her father.

Speaking about women as journalists, Kamleshwar said, 'They have their own areas of specialization. There is nothing to keep them out. Women reporters are more incisive, more probing and more cultured."

In filming 'Parikrama', Kamleshwar worked with Meena Vaishnavi and Reshma who visited prostitute dens and gutter colonies "with a sense of purpose and mission."

"The Indian Express has a woman as their chief reporter and she is functioning very well." — DARRYL D'MONTE

"The newspaper world has been most conservative and the slowest to change," says Darryl D'Monte, resident editor of the Indian Express. "For years there were no browns or blacks on the staff of the Times of India. And that discrimination extended itself to women until very recently.

"The Indian Express has Coomi Kapoor as their chief reporter in Delhi now, and she is functioning very well. Things are changing very rapidly," adds Darryl emphatically.

Dilip Thakore, editor of 'Business World', says that "generally women are not as good in financial journalism — purely for historical reasons — as this is a relatively new kind of journalism. Even men know just a little more." About equality of wage Dilip says, "Journalism is very competitive, and it depends on the delivery of goods. There is certainly no discrimination at the start, but your increments depend on your performance and capabilities.

"Women journalists are given equal facilities, though there are some safety aspects like night work or assignments in risky situations."

"Journalism is a low-wage Island as compared to other professions," asserts Dilip. Vijay Tendulkar doesn't foresee a major change for women in the near future. "The pace of change is damn slow. They don't have a rosy future. All this newspaper coverage on dowry deaths, bride-burning certainly makes very good copy, during the women's decade, but it doesn't change society."

Nergish Wadia, the managing director of Inter-Publicity and a very successful advertising woman, believes that women are ideal for media planning, especially women with a statistics and economics background because they combine creativity with statistics."

"Women should never become space sellers. It amounts to farting. If you have a woman on that job," continues Nergish "she must be equipped with all the information and detail. I'm always very uncomfortable with women space-sellers."

Nergish quite emphatically believes that women have a very important role to play but it may not necessarily be the same as the man's. "As society exists today, there are certain roles better suited to men. If tomorrow we breed a new breed of human beings, then maybe women can demand equal acceptance. The difference is like between apples and pears," says Nergish charmingly.

"Journalism is very competitive, and it depends on the delivery of goods. There is certainly no discrimination." — DILIP THAKORE

Five years ago I was doing a radio programme called 'I Am A Nation Builder'. In this series I included the biggest oil rig, Sagar Samrat. Sitting across the table in a studio at All India Radio, I suddenly ran out of relevant questions to ask the staff and crew of O.N.G.C. and Sagar Samrat. I didn't know an oil rig

"As society exists today, there are certain roles better suited to men." — NERGISH WADIA

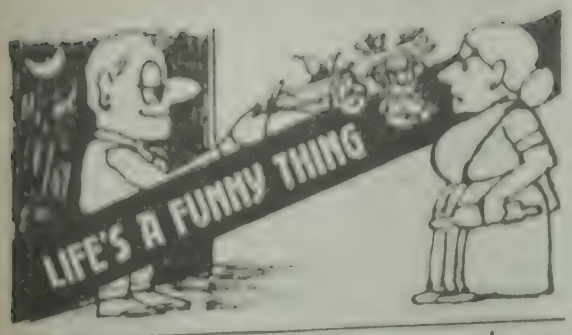
from a tin of oil. I turned to their liaison officer Mr. Manglik and said, "I must see men at work to make my programme meaningful. I'll have to visit the Sagar Samrat."

"We'd love to have you, but there's one problem: no women are allowed on Sagar Samrat."

Fortunately, I'd read somewhere about Mrs. Indira Gandhi's visit to this oil platform. Mr. Manglik confirmed this.

I insisted that I too was a government servant working for A.I.R. and like Mrs. Gandhi should be allowed on board in the course of duty.

Trunk calls and telexes flew between Dehra Dun where the Oil and Natural Gas Commission officers are, and the Ministry of Defence in Delhi and their representatives in Bombay. Four days later acceptance had been granted. We flew in an air force helicopter from Juhu airport to the middle of the sea and landed on this giant colourful mechano grid. I became the second Indian woman to set foot on the Sagar Samrat



A spoonful of humour to make the medicine go down

When Susie said, the other day, "Let's go swimming this afternoon," I said, "Sure. You bring your two square inches of hose to swim in and I'll bring my manly Jantzen. The one with the mermaids throwing beachballs around."

Of course, the kids came too. Little Sushila swam in the altogether. Sunder wore one of those neck-to-knee things that sent his school pals into helpless hysterics.

When we'd played around in the water like chirpy sea lions, we sat under coloured umbrellas and ordered refreshments. Beer for me, a vodka for Susie and coconut water for the kids. Then, bless me if a gal I know didn't wiggle her way towards me. Her name is Persis and she had a figure like you'd never find in your account books. Susie said, "Must you stare?" I said, "Naturally."

Persis joined us and said, "Hello, dear people. Mind if I sit down?" I got up so quickly to pull a chair for her I almost slipped a disc. Then I ordered a bottle of cheer for her too and we got the show on the road.

• • •

Then we sat and played bridge. The cards I got dealt with would have made wonderful graffiti for a boarding school wall. The nuns would have heart attacks.

Tiring of that, we asked the restaurant keeper to play some records and we danced. Dancing in bathing suits is good for the tissues besides other things. I felt like a new man and Susie said, "Now for god's sake, stay like that."

• • •

A little boy with a pair of monkeys came and stood at our feet and played miniature drums. His monkeys did everything but buy up the Taj. We showered coins into his hands. He went away singing like Kishore Kumar. Then we got into casual clothes and went into the hotel lounge and looked idly around. A gay crowd was sipping drinks — everything from orange juice to Bloody Marys.

Then a man as big as one of the pillars Samson tore down came up and looked at Persis as if he had proprietory papers in his pocket. It turned out to be Bonzo, a person Persis knew. He joined us and ordered six bottles of beer which he lined up in front of him. Then he started the demolishing process. Then a transistor radio merchant turned up his instrument so loud I thought it would take off. Bonzo asked Persis to dance and off they went. They looked like Primo Carneiro playing footsie with Olivia Newton-John.

• • •

The restaurant manager whose wife must have been obliging the night before came up and said, "Order one dish each. It's on the house." We did. Spring rolls for me, pork roast for Bonzo, crabmeat soup for Susie and nothing for Persis. She said she had to watch her figure. I couldn't think why, considering the rest of the world was watching it for her. But there you are!

• • •

After dusk started falling like window shades in Soho, we went into one of our private rooms and lolled about. We put on soft music and told each other the stories of our lives. Some were so pathetic they brought tears to our eyes and some were so happy, we felt like singing.

When it was time to go home, Bonzo said, "Too good to break up yet. Come over to my place and we'll continue the good

work." Rousing nods of agreement. He took us to his place in a car as big as an armoured truck.

• • •

More refreshments and the carpet was rolled up and records put on the spinner. Persis was jitterbugging solo and it was a sight to watch if you didn't mind your head behaving like a yo-yo. Me, I didn t mind.

Then, bless me, if we didn't eat again. Polynesian fare, no less. Gee, what those people did with chillies would have sent the British army to the outhouses for weeks. But we did ourselves proud.

• • •

The phone had to go and spoil it all. Persis had a call from her young man who was straining at the bit. Didn't blame him a bit. When she left, the fire went out of the evening and we all folded up our tents and drifted. But a wonderful time was had by all!

See you!

SUNNY

OF BULGES AND BUMPS

Continued from page 23

Unfortunately, dieting and exercising are not palatable to many people and these are the ones who are easily lured by magic formulae. According to some self-styled specialists on skin and body care, cellulite needs extraordinary treatment to dislodge the lumps and the bulges.

And what is this unique treatment? An amazing variety of "sure-fire" remedies are touted, which include creams that "dissolve" cellulite, vitamin-mineral supplements with herbs, liquids to be used in the bath, brushes, rollers, cactus fibre wash cloths, horse hair mitts, special sponges, rubberised pants and toning lotions. The price of this exotic range is high enough but if someone wants to be treated in a beauty salon the cost can be exorbitant.

In a beauty parlour, the visitor may be hooked up to electrical muscle stimulators, vibrating machines, whirlpool baths, inflatable hip-high pressurised boots, tubes shooting streams of warm air and so on or she may be given hormone or enzyme injections, vitamin-mineral supplements and thermal treatments with warm wax or heating pads followed by massage, which is very popular. The beauty specialist also gives a diet and exercise schedule to be strictly adhered to, if the patient expects a complete cure. In addition a cut-down on salt is recommended for reducing water retention. With all this the salons offer no guarantee that your condition will improve.

How effective and safe are the treatments offered here and elsewhere for getting rid of cellulite, is the main concern. Neil Solomon showed recently that there was absolutely no difference between patients who received vitamin-mineral injections similar to the formula used in France and injections of placebo (an inert non-active chemical). The same observations were made in double-blind studies conducted in Europe with enzyme injections. Tablets to "dissolve" cellulite contained a few vitamins, minerals and herbs which have probably diuretic properties. The latter merely causes a temporary loss of water that makes the user look thinner. But the moment any liquid is consumed, it is back again to normal size. This only means that the tablets are neither effective nor safe, because diuretics are dangerous to use without consulting a physician. As for creams that claim to remove cellulite they are essentially lubricating agents, with capsicum or hot pepper added sometimes. The latter irritates the skin and makes it red. The tingling sensation capsicum produces is often taken by the user as proof of the effectiveness of the cream.

The craze for effortless slimming offered by the so-called cellulite specialists is understandable and is catching up in India as well. But fortunately medical science does not support such slimming. In fact, recent findings indicate that being fashionably skinny is not necessarily a blessing. Too little weight can indeed be more dangerous than too much, according to the new mortality tables. According to the latest figures, a woman who is 30 per cent underweight seems to face the same hazards as one who is 55 per cent overweight.

TRUE CONFESSION

Continued from page 29

"She has gone abroad," he replied. "I know you lent her Rs. 6,000 for her ticket to Singapore. She will return it when she gets back. Had you not blabbered that you bought the flat, you would still be in it."

He then told me there was a case going on against the lady, filed by her previous tenant who alleged that she had broken in and occupied it during his absence. It was being tried in the criminal court. Since the lady was without a roof over her head, and was a widow too, the judge had given her permission to stay till a final judgement was reached. This is what was meant by the term sub-judice. During this period no legal sale could take place. He blamed me entirely. He said we could have legalised the transaction once the flat came into her possession.

"Shit," I said. "The pair of you have taken me for a royal ride and you know it."

"I'm sorry if you've been inconvenienced, sir," said the lawyer with a greasy smile. "But you can always file a suit against the lady. I will be only too happy to represent you."

I stormed out of his hideout in a rage. Sanam was waiting eagerly for a report. I was fuming. Suddenly recalled the number somebody had boasted about, saying one could get hired goondas. It was worth a try. I dialled it. A man came on the line. "Hello," I said. "I have a problem and I need your help." There was a moment's silence, then he asked me to come over and gave the address.

Revenge was boiling in me. It was a hush-hush deal. They told me it would cost me Rs. 50,000. But the job would be done well. They'd make it appear like an accident.

"I don't want him to die," I said.

"We can't say what will happen," said the leader. "In these things there are no subtleties. Take it or leave it."

I thought for awile.

"I take it," I said.

I had already lost so much money in the deal, I reasoned, that fifty thousand more would not make much difference. I paid it.

They acted at once. Maybe even in the shadiest transactions there is some code of honour. Two days later I read in the newspapers that the car this lawyer was driving had met with a serious accident on the Bombay-Pune Road. He was lying in hospital, paralysed. There was much talk about the sterling career of an up-and-coming lawyer that was nipped in the bud. "Shit," I cried and thrust the paper aside.

"What is it?" asked Sanam.

I didn't tell her. I didn't know if she would understand the ways of the wild world. But my revenge was far from complete I was waiting for the bitch to come back from Singapore. Then I would get her too.

Devi

AMITABH-RAJANIKANTH vs. MADRAS PRESS

Poor Rajanikanth, he declared to me that he wanted to live alone and was in no mood to get married. Since there is nothing 'off record' with me, I splashed it in my columns, and auspicious Madras was in revolt. Lata, who is the sister-in-law of comedian Mahendran who is the son of a Y.J.P. (if you have not heard of these names, I can't help it, since I heard of them only last month) who for a couple of years tried to hook Rajani, was furious. Rajani also found it difficult to 'live alone' when Balajee, his faithful, after the lukewarm responses to the remake of 'Deewar', crossed the floor and signed Kamalahasan for his next film.

Rajani with Lata and her family drove to Tirupati, in the presence of blindfolded Lord Balaji, he married her but not before he called up the Madras press and warned them not to be present at the wedding. The local photographers who tried to click him in the temple were manhandled.

This is so much like Rajesh Khanna's sudden marriage, which came after the final blow of Yash Chopra opting for Amitabh in 'Deewar' instead of Rajesh. Anyway, Rajesh now has given up hopes of his comeback, instead will concentrate on Dimple's comeback to Aashirwad, that is.

The Madras press must be sore with bumps by now. Amitabh decided to throw them off the 'Mahan' set. He even threw out Deepa (target of my last column). Deepa, on the eve of my departure put in a 'tall order' like she wanted to have him over for dinner. I had passed on the order to K. K. Shukla. The latest is she is down with a nervous breakdown.

Amitabh at the 'Nakhuda' premiere party was crammed by Jaya and Shashi Kapoor whilst Rekha was at a loose end. The 'Silsila' kissa still continues to be silent. Amitabh and Rekha just manage a few stolen looks at each other under the strict supervision of Jaya. And now Jaya must be sorry that she isolated Amitabh from his mother as well as the press folks. Isolation brings in hazards, like Rekha.

Tina Munim I agree looks too old for Dev Anand who wears Baba suits these days. But his new find Salma Aga looks older than both Dev-Tina combined. Salma I had met last year, she hovered around the Gulam Ali mehfil to catch the eye of some producer. "I do want to go to them, but some place where they would see me accidentally." Photographer Jeetendra Arya and wife Chhaya arranged many accidents for Salma but she remained a light-eyed Pakistani settled in London, trying for Hindi films. And Dev is still working on her, trying for a 'presentable angle', I suppose.

BOMBAY

An exhibition of handmade items by Kamini Kaushal will be held at Breach Candy School Bhulabhai Desai Road, on April 4 and 5, 1981. Cuddly dolls dolls' houses, collapsible tents and other hand-embroidered items will be on display.

• • •

A group of women pilots of The Ninety-Nines, Inc, USA, (an international organisation of women pilots) arrived by Air-India In Bombay from New York recently. After spending two days in Bombay, they left on an extensive tour of India. The invitation to visit India was extended to them by Chanda Sawant Budhabhatti, President of the Indian Women Pilots' Association and Board Member of The Ninety-Nines, India Section.

The group comprised veteran women pilots with outstanding flying records. Prominent among them were Mrs. Isabelle Macrae Hale, President of WASP (Women Air Service Pilots — World War II) and past Governor of South West Section of The Ninety-Nines. The other well-known members were Diana Cozzi, a member of the Nominating Committee of the International Board of the Ninety-Nines and Liah Tierch, a retired FAA Executive and past Chairman of El Calon Valley Chapter.

Three members of the Zonta Club (a business women's organisation) were also among the group. Zonta gives the Amelia Earhart scholarship every year to a qualified applicant to further women's roles in aviation.

• • •

An exhibition-cum-sale of churidar-kameez sets and sarees designed by Ronak will be held at the Aakar Art Gallery on April 6, 7, 8, 1981.

• • •

The twenty-second anniversary of the Zonta Club of Bombay 1 was recently celebrated with a felicitation function to honour Dr. (Mrs.) Awabai Wadia on her prestigious Padma Bhushan Award.

In 1981, the International year of the Handicapped, a charity film show of "Krodhi" was screened at Novelty cinema on March 20 to raise funds for helping The Helen Keller Institute of the Deaf-Blind, handicapped children's institutes, and other deserving causes including War on Leprosy.

• • •

To celebrate the March 8th revolution of the Republic of Syria, a function was held at Taj Mahal Hotel, in Bombay. Seen (from left) are Mr. A. Abdulrahman A. Al Muqhaiseb, Consul General of Qatar, Mrs. F. E. Yousuf, Mr. S. El-Ejel, Consul General, Syria, Mrs. El-Ejel and Mr. F.E. Yousuf, Consul General of Kuwait.

Film star Sareeka inaugurating an exhibition held by Refugee Handicrafts of Calcutta at Aakar Art Gallery, Bombay. Also seen are Rinky Bhattacharya, Mrs. Thakur, Vimala Somaiah, and Mrs. Roy.

Beauty expert Shahnaz Husain crowning the winner of the Kamla Nehru College beauty contest held in Delhi recently.

LEFT: Mr. T. N. Singh, Governor of West Bengal, inaugurating the Red Cross Diamond Jubilee Ball held in Calcutta. Also seen are (from left) Mr. G. P. Mukherjee, I. G. of Police, Mrs. Rashid, Mrs. K Basu, Mrs. T. N. Singh and Mr. H. Singh.

Ritika presents an exhibition-cum-sale of churidar-kameez sets and readymade garments with khari work at Cymroza Art Gallery, Bhulabhai Desai Road from March 30 to April 1, 1981. The garments have been specially made in Delhi and are available in a wide variety of designs and colours.

DELHI

Sabita Radhakrishna of Amrapali boutique, Madras, held an exhibition at The Gallerie where an exclusive collection of hand-printed saris in organdie and organza were displayed at Interchoppe, Connaught place.

• • •

The Jammu and Kashmir Cultural Academy presented "Tipu Sultan", a musical play at the Kamani Auditorium. Excellent acting by the main players, slick direction by Pran Kishore made the play a real treat. The music was by Virendra Mohan

CALCUTTA

The Parsi Zoroastrian Association felicitated H.E. Mr. Homi J. H. Taleyarkhan on the occasion of his appointment as the Governor of Sikkim. Mrs. Thrity Taleyarkhan, the Governor's wife was also felicitated for her long years of social service and for promoting Indian handicrafts. The function was inaugurated by Mr. T. N. Singh, Governor of West Bengal. Mr. Habibullah, Speaker of the Assembly, Chief Justice Mr. A. K. Sen, Ministers of State and Mr. Subimal Ghosh, Sheriff of Calcutta, were present on the occasion.

• • •

Air Marshal B. W. Chowhan, (ext. left) and others seen at the Husbands' Nite organised by the Ladies of Air Force Station, Jalahalli, at Hotel Ashok, Bangalore.

A farewell party was hosted by the Deputy High Commissioner for Sri Lanka, Mr. S. Gautamadasa and Mrs. Gautamadasa (2nd & 3rd from left) in Madras. Also seen are Dr. Krishna Rao, and Mrs. S. Krishna Rao.

MADRAS

On the eve of their departure from Madras, after completing his official assignment here, the Deputy High Commissioner for Sri Lanka, Mr. Gautamadasa and Mrs. Gautamadasa hosted a party at their residence at Rutland Gate. Among others present were the members of the diplomatic corps, government officials, industrialists and others.

* * *

To meet Mr. Yashpal Kapoor, Chairman and Managing Director of Associated Journals, New Delhi, a dinner was hosted at the Ball Room of the Hotel Taj Coromandel. Guests were presented with copies of the National Herald newspaper. Journalists, advertisers and friends were present on the occasion.

BANGALORE

The ladies of Air Force Station, Jalahalli, organised a "Husbands' Night" on a gala scale at the Banquet Hall of Hotel Ashok Air Marshal B. W. Chowhan and Commanders of other Defence Units were the honoured guests. Mrs. Sita Ponappa was in charge of the evening's entertainment which included an interesting dance item on the life of the Nagas. Mrs. Geeta Kapur compered the show.

eve weekly / nalini SAREES

THE LUCKY WINNERS!

The Lucky Draw of 'The Winning Collection' scheme (1980) was held on March 17, 1981 at the Regal Room, Oberoi Towers, Bombay. The Governor of Maharashtra, Air Chief Marshal (Retd.) O. P. Mehra, was the Chief Guest at the function. Mrs. Satya Mehra drew the lucky winners out of the several thousand entries received for this fantastic fashion scheme.

The Lucky Draw. Seen (from left) Mrs. Satya Mehra, Nalini Sharma of Nalini Sarees, Delhi, Gulshan Ewing, editor, Eve's Weekly and Star & Style, and Roshan Billimoria, fashion editor, Eve's Weekly.

Here are the Lucky Winners :

1st PRIZE (A wardrobe valued at Rs. 10,000)
MRS. MANISHA NAIK, Goa.

2nd PRIZE (A wardrobe valued at Rs. 5,000)
MRS. NINA SINGH, Lucknow.

3rd PRIZE (A wardrobe valued at Rs. 3,000)
T. LAKSHMI SAROJA, Warangal.

CONSOLATION: (Rs. 200 each)

1. **MRS. BULBUL TANEJA, New Delhi.**
2. **MRS. RITA BARRETTO, Bombay.**
3. **MRS. RUKAIYA NISAR, Bombay.**
4. **MRS. RAJANI DADWANI, Bombay.**
5. **MISS PRATIMA AGNIHOTRI, Kanpur.**
6. **N. PUNWANEY, Bombay.**
7. **MISS ALIKA SHANKAR, New Delhi.**
8. **MRS. MOHINI SARAN, Lucknow.**
9. **MISS VILMA DMONTE, Bombay.**
10. **MAYURI CHAFEKAR, Karnataka.**

We thank all the participants for their co-operation and keen interest in the contest.

Once again in 1981, Eve's Weekly and Nalini Sarees continue 'The Winning Collection' scheme with enhanced prizes! So readers, do not miss this opportunity of winning this fabulous range of outfits and sarees. Start collecting your coupons NOW!

FOR THE WEEK
MARCH 29 — APRIL 4, 1981

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK :

A year not without its struggles, but your vitality will be high — and your enthusiasm — to enable you to break through barriers to success. There will be conflicts in both personal and working life — a pull between the old and the new. A New Moon this week rather favours "new beginnings" and the worst thing you could do at this stage of your life is to cling to situations — and relationships — which have had their day. 1981/82 can be a turning point to prosperity and happiness if you sort out contradictions and proceed sensibly, yet with confidence. However, finances could be a problem, so this is an area in which to avoid risks.

ARIES
(March 22 — April 20)

There are promising indications for your affairs and fortunes. Friendly contacts will benefit in unusual ways and you must make the most of your chances.

TAURUS
(April 21 — May 21)

A good week for health matters, for yourself or others in the family, also for getting home plans into shape. Financial information given confidentially will be useful if you know the source to be a reliable one.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

Background activities are working to your advantage and suggest many agreeable possibilities for the months ahead. This week particularly favours job interests, whether you are hoping for a step-up, or seeking a change.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

A lively, yet co-operative, atmosphere will see this week spinning along most enjoyably. There will be plenty to interest and amuse; you'll make pleasing headway with domestic changes, may be planning a holiday.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug 23)

As this week moves along you'll realise that life seems more pleasant, and companions easier to get along with. There is a favourable accent on long-term financial matters — savings, insurance, anything affecting future security. Travel is well starred.

VIRGO
(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

Try not to fret about jobs left undone; you will soon catch up with yourself, as you'll now have more time to spare. Your first priority is to arrange some light-hearted activity, as well as relaxation.

LIBRA
(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

Organise yourself early in the week for unwelcome visitors, other minor inconveniences, will throw routine out of gear as April begins. You are now into a busy, somewhat confusing period which could become harassing.

SCORPIO
(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

The emphasis is on the lighter side of life, with a flirtation adding sparkle to activities. You will find yourself involved with attractive people, enjoying group outings, perhaps planning a party.

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

Most of your time will be taken up with mundane activities. You'll be making plans considering a new move which affects the family future, long-term domestic issues. Push on now with home decorating and so on; get estimates for needed repairs.

CAPRICORN
(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

This week will have you bustling around, could bring good news, an interesting "offer", minor but beneficial changes in routine. Some enjoyable trips and visits are indicated.

AQUARIUS
(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

You should have found your affairs progressing well over the past several weeks. If you have been putting in effort in specific directions, rewards should begin to come in. Life should be more easy-going now.

PISCES
(Feb 20 — March 21)

Push on with your special ambitions and mark this week as a turning point, financially. A recent change, or an initiative taken now, could affect your fortunes beneficially. Socially, you should find yourself in demand.

MARRYING ONE'S KIN

Continued from page 21

Razia who is Amina's younger sister. As a Muslim he can marry up to four wives. So he decides to make Razia his second wife. The law of unlawful conjunction comes in the way. This law prohibits a man to have two wives **at the same time** who are so closely related to each other that they could not have lawfully married each other if they had been of different sexes. Amina and Razia are sisters. Had they been sister and brother they could not have married. Hence Abdul cannot be married to both Amina and Razia at the same time. His marriage to Razia would be irregular until his marriage to Amina is terminated by death or divorce.

Muslims who are first cousins can also marry under the Special Marriage Act provided neither has a spouse living.

PARSI LAW

Under Parsi law, certain relatives cannot marry. The excluded categories are parents, grandparents, great-grandparents, brothers or sisters, aunts or uncles, nieces or nephews, children, grandchildren, spouses of children or grandchildren, parents-in-law of children, spouse's uncle or aunt.

First cousins can and do marry. But uncle and niece cannot marry. There is no prohibition on marriage to a deceased' wife's sister.

CHRISTIAN LAW

Marriage between persons at least one of whom is a Christian are governed by the Indian Christian Marriage Act of 1872. This Act does not enumerate the rules of exogamy for Christians. The prohibited degrees of consanguinity and affinity are left to be determined by the church. The rules of the Church of Rome vary from the Church of England. A marriage contracted within the prohibited degrees of relationship can be annulled by the court under the Indian Divorce Act of 1869.

CIVIL LAW

The Special Marriage Act of 1954 cuts across the barriers of religion and caste but not of relationship by blood or affinity.

This Act prohibits marriages among close relatives. These are listed in the first schedule to the Act. The list includes parents, grandparents, children, children's spouses, grandchildren, grandchildren's spouses, sisters and brothers, aunts, uncles, cousins, nephews and nieces.

However parties who are within the degrees of prohibited relationship can marry provided that there is a custom governing at least **one** of the parties that permits a marriage between them. For example, since a Parsi is permitted to marry a first cousin, a Parsi can marry a Parsi cousin or a non-Parsi cousin under this Act, even if the non-Parsi cousin is a Hindu.

How to get more meals out of your stoves.

You'll find the information here of vital use. Follow these tips from today and discover a happy surprise: cooking fuel that lasts longer every month!

8 sensible ways to make your gas or kerosene last longer.

1. Get yourself organised...
Cooking is so much more economical—and enjoyable!—if you've got all things chopped and ready, spices within reach, before lighting your stove. Never keep a flame burning unnecessarily.

2. Put the lid on heat loss!
A good idea would be to put a lid on the vessel to retain heat inside. This way, food cooks faster and consumes 15% less fuel.
35% fuel saving—with just a simple action! Once a vessel's contents reach boiling point, a low flame is enough to keep them boiling. So promptly turn down your flame—research tests show that you save 35% fuel!

3. Water quantity should be just right.
Surplus water, especially in rice and vegetables, consumes extra fuel. So reduce water to the minimum—food is tastier and more nutritious too! Experiments also show that soaking dal overnight before cooking saves 35% cooking fuel.

4. Use wide shallow vessels always.
A vessel 25 cm in diameter is ideal for cooking as it covers the flame completely—narrow vessels waste fuel (especially if flames lick the sides). Since a vessel first absorbs heat before its contents get cooked, avoid using a taller vessel than necessary.

5. Eating together saves money.
Plan meal times when the family can eat together—this way you avoid reheating food which wastes both the fuel as well as the food's nutritive contents.

6. The biggest fuel saver – the pressure cooker.
A pressure cooker takes less time and saves 30% fuel compared to ordinary cooking. But did you know: you can turn down the flame and even switch off the stove completely while food continues to cook with the pressure of the steam. This saves you 5 to 8 minutes of fuel.
Another fantastic advantage: you can use the cooker's separators to cook dal, rice, vegetables, all at the same time—think of the fuel saved!

7. Make more use of the smaller burner.
The big burner takes less time to cook food, but consumes 10% more fuel than the smaller burner. Ask yourself if it is worth the time saved. Use of the smaller burner saves fuel every time.

8. A clean burner helps too.
Is your burner clogged or do your wicks need changing?
Clean your stoves regularly for better performance.

Cut and keep to cut fuel bills.

The information here is the result of tried and tested research studies by the PCRA, a unit of the Petroleum Ministry. Set up over 4 years ago in anticipation of the worldwide oil crisis that is affecting us all today, PCRA is helping promote more efficient use of fuel—in homes, farms, industries, and on roads. Because, till alternative sources of energy are found, we have to make the best use of the world's diminishing oil reserves.

PCRA

Issued in the public interest by PCRA

PETROLEUM CONSERVATION RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
709-711 Surya Kiran Building
19 Kasturba Gandhi Marg, New Delhi-110001

Because oil isn't going to last forever.

The oil crisis—it concerns you.

The adopting of these tips will help you save substantially on fuel bills. Any feedback from you will be very useful to the furtherance of our campaign. For any information, do write to us. We can arrange meetings for groups of consumers, where an expert talks, films are screened and the distribution of illustrated booklets can be arranged. If you are interested, write to us with details of the number and nature of the people who would like to participate in the meeting.

Address enquiries to the Project Manager, Petroleum Conservation Research Association.

HTD-PCR-6279-R

This message has got to reach over 30 million homes. Do pass it on.

REGD. NO. MH BY SOUTH-75

Kiss and Tell

casts the spell.

New

here are times when
/ords are not enough.
hat's when you need
iss and Tell Lipsticks
nd Liquid Make-up.
ick from a wide array
f luscious, unique
psticks and exclusive
quid make-up shades
o match and heighten
/our skin-tone.
Wear them... and
eel the spell set in.

KISS AND TELL

Lipsticks
Liquid make-up